(Illustrated.) "THE CURSE OF ADAR."

THE CONTRIBUTOR

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL XIII DECEMBER 1891 NO 2

PUBLISHED BY THE
CONTRIBUTOR CO
SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1891.

News of Recent Date!

D. A. & M. SOCIETY'S DIPLOMA AWARDED.

COVERS FOLLOWING AGENCIES.

BEST IN THE WORLD!

WALTER A. WOOD HARVESTING MACHINERY.
RUSSELL & CO'S SEPARATORS AND ENGINES.
MITCHELL, BAIN & RACINE WAGONS and Sheep Beds.

Deere & Co. Steel Plows and Harrows, fourteen styles. Ohio Co. Buggies, ten styles. Oliver Chilled Plows, eight styles. Davis Carriage Co. Buggies. De Laval Cream Separators. Laidlaw Hay Presses. Myers & Co. Pumps and Haying Tools. P. P. Mast Rakes, Cider Mills and Drills. Stoddard & Co. and Farmers' Friend Press Drills, Tiger Rakes. Belle City Feed Cutters and Powers. Staver & Abbott Feed Grinders and Corn Shellers. Missouri Iron Roofing Co's Roofing. A. P. Dickey & Co, Fanning Mills. E. M. Miller & Co. Concord Buggies. Planet Jr. Garden Tools. Railroad Grading Tools, Scrapers, etc.

☞ Our exhibit comprised 250 different articles, 15 pieces of machinery in motion, $250 in Premiums and 6000 pounds of Souvenir advertisements given away. There is nothing antediluvian in the above; it must not be classed with diplomas given while Noah's Ark was being built.

WHAT THE JUDGES SAY.

For the Best Display of Wagons, Buggies, Implements and Machinery, the Society's Diploma is awarded to the CO-OPERATIVE WAGON & MACHINE CO.

Signed, ***JOHN ORLAD.***
HENRY PUZEY,
JOSEPH WALKER,
WM. NAYLOR.

HENRY W. LAWRENCE, President.
HEBER M. WELLS, Secretary.

The fifth Judge, Phil. Klipple, was unavoidably absent.

Above are for sale at Ogden, Logan, Idaho Falls and Montpelier.

Co-op. Wagon & Machine Co.

GEO. T. ODELL, General Manager.

General Offices, Salt Lake City.

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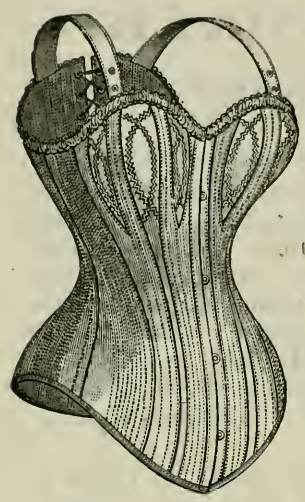
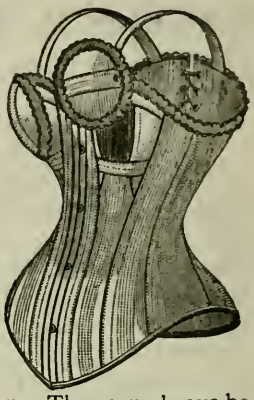
CELEBRATED CORSETS.



THE merit and popularity of these Corsets is attested by the fact that over two million were sold last year in this country alone, and the sales are increasing rapidly year by year.

Ladies are cautioned against the many worthless imitations of Coraline Corsets which are upon the market. These imitations are stiffened with common twine filled with starch, and they lose all their stiffness after a few days' wear.

The genuine Coraline gives better value and better service for the money than any imitation. They can always be recognized, for they have "Dr. Warner's Coraline" printed on the inside of the steel cover.



FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING MERCHANTS.

WARNER BROS.

NEW YORK and CHICAGO.

For Sale in Salt Lake City

—BY—

Z. C. M. I.,
SPENCER CLAWSON,
F. AUERBACH & BRO.,
WALKER BROS. CO.,
COHN BROS.,
R. K. THOMAS.

For Sale in Ogden

—BY—

Z. C. M. I.
W. H. WRIGHT & SON,
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SMUIN & THOMAS,
J. WOTHERSPOON.

Warner Brothers Celebrated Corsets.

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TO AGENTS.

We want Live, Energetic and Capable Agents in every county in the United States and Canada, to sell a patented article of great merit, *on its merits.* An article having a large sale, paying over 100 per cent. profit, having no competition, and on which the agent is protected in the exclusive sale by a deed given for each and every county he may secure from us. With all these advantages to our agents, and the fact that it is an article that can be sold to every house-owner, it might not be necessary to make an "*Extraordinary Offer*" to secure good agents at once, but we have concluded to make it to show, not only our confidence in the merits of our invention, but its salability by any agent that will handle it with energy. Our agents now at work are making from $150 to $600 a month clear, and this fact makes it safe for us to make our offer to all who are out of employment. Any agent that will give our business a 30 days' trial, and fail to clear at least $100 in this time, *above all expenses*, can return all goods unsold to us, and we will refund the money paid for them. Any Agent or General Agent who would like ten or more counties, and work them through sub-agents for 90 days, and fail to clear $750 *above all expenses*, can return all unsold and get their money back. No other employer of agents ever dared to make such offers, nor would we if we did not know that we have agents now making more than double the amounts we guaranteed, and that but two sales a day would give a profit of over $125 a month, and that one of our agents took 22 orders in one day. Our large descriptive circulars explain our offer fully, and these we wish to send to everyone out of employment who will send us 3 one cent stamps for postage. Send at once and secure the agency in time for the boom, and go to work on the terms named in our extraordinary offer. We would like to have the address of all the agents, sewing machine solicitors and carpenters in the country, and ask any reader of this paper who reads this offer, to send us at once the name and address of all such they know. Address at once

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SUPERB WASH COLORS!!

"CORTICELLI."

ROPE SILK,
Wash, Embroidery Silk,

SPOOL SILK, &c.

These are the ..., in blue and in red,
Made for the s...oothest, strongest of thread;
The silken thread, that ev'ry one said:
Was worthy the Mills
"Corticelli" built.

C. H. SAMPSON, Ager.

"CORTICELLI" ROLL DRESS BRAID
ABSOLUTELY PERFECT.

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EVAPORATED CREAM

Absolutely pure Milk evaporated to a creamery consistence and

Thoroughly Sterilized

May be diluted with either Water or fresh Milk to any desired consistence.

Is equal to the best Dairy Cream, but more convenient and economical.

If your grocer does not keep it, write direct to **Jungk & Fabian,** Agents,
P.O.Box 693. Salt Lake City, Utah.

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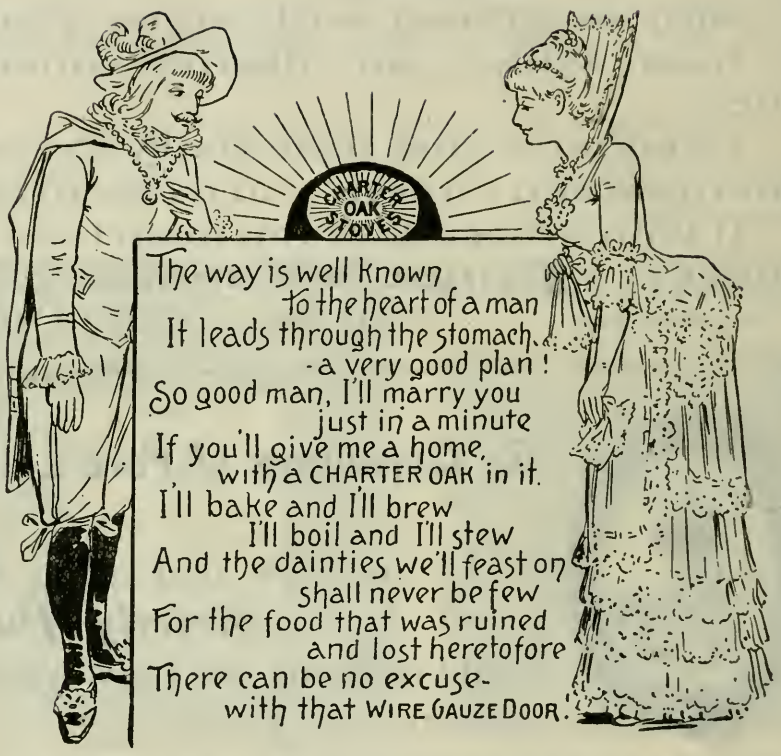
To meet the increasing demand for a ***Strictly Pure*** grade of Lard, we have placed upon the market our

"WHITE LABEL" PURE LEAF LARD,

which we guarantee to be absolutely free from all adulteration. To be had from the leading wholesale and retail grocers throughout Utah and the entire West.

JUNGK & FABIAN, Salt Lake City,

Agents for **ARMOUR PACKING CO.,** KANSAS CITY, MO.



For Sale by Z. C. M. I., Sole Agents for Utah.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XIII. DECEMBER, 1891. NO. 2.

PLYMOUTH.

THE OLD FORT.

DECEMBER 30th, 1620, witnessed the first permanent landing of the Pilgrims. If time had been reckoned with them as with us, they might soon have observed New Year's day; but they looked with no favor upon festal days, so that when Christmas came "no man rested all that day." We speak of their permanent landing on December 30th, and their disregard of Christmas, after they had begun to build their settlement, as if the causes of this apparent discrepancy were familiar to all. This is explained by what is called the old style and the new style reckoning, two styles which are frequently used indiscriminately by writers on the subject. According to their calendar they landed December twentieth instead of the thirtieth, and this difference is accounted for in the following manner: In the year 325 the calendar was adjusted, but the world went on allowing three hundred and sixty-five and one-fourth days for a year. The extra eleven minutes and ten and one-fourth seconds were not taken into account. This would make only a slight difference in a single generation; but as centuries rolled by the discrepancy became so great that the Pope brought about a change in 1582, and guarded against a repetition of the error by decreeing that all years ending in two ciphers were not to be made a leap year unless a multiple of four hundred. This change had not been adopted in England when the Pilgrims emigrated. Besides this, March 25th was regarded as the beginning of the new year, and was not

changed to January first till 1752. It was winter, but the season was mild and permitted the colonists to engage in locating, laying out and building the new town. Their plan was very simple. One street answered their purpose, and in kind remembrance of their past refuge, called it Leyden. Beginning at the harbor, it extended about a quarter of a mile to the top of what became, later on, Fort Hill. In the early days they had at times become alarmed by the cry of the Indians, and fearing dangers which they could not comprehend, they soon constructed an old log fort, which they used to mount their cannons on, and for purposes of worship. Sabbath after sabbath they might be seen making their way up this hill with their muskets on their shoulders to engage in worship. Such was the habit of those times. They accepted Cromwell's admonitions to his soldiers, when, just before an engagement, he warned his men to trust in God and keep their powder dry. This old fort became their great rendezvous, and was often a mystery which the wild savages could not reconcile when Christianity was preached to them by the colonists. To kill and to save was a strange Gospel which the wily savage often discredited. This hill has become one of the most interesting landmarks of colonial Plymouth. With the old fort which stood on its summit and the ordnance which crowned the fort, it has been familiar to every school boy, in word and picture, for generations. New England has always been famous for her rolling hills clad with charming vendure. But old Fort Hill has a double charm,—the romance of colonial life ever green by the artist's touch, and by the picture of eloquence, as well as by its commanding position over Cape Cod Bay and the ravines and miniature valleys at its base. After the first winter it was consecrated for the burial of the dead, and has ever since been known as "Burial Hill." A little stone now marks the spot where the old fort stood, and is the object of the visitor's thoughtful gaze. The slope of the hill on the south leads down to the old brook, from whose banks, on the opposite side, rises Watson's hill. Here the colonists after their landing, first caught sight of the Indians, and here the treaty with the famous chief, Massasoit, was made. Burial Ground was the first cemetery of New England, and many a quaint and curious inscription marks the simple headstones over the resting places of the dead. For hours one may witness travelers wandering about in the long grass, reading such inscriptions as "Here lyes ye body of ye

Burial Hill.

hounorable Major William Bradford, who expired Feb'y, 20th 1703-4, aged 79 years."

"He lived long, but still was doing good,
And in his country's service lost much blood;
After a life well spent, he's now at rest,
His very name and memory is blest."

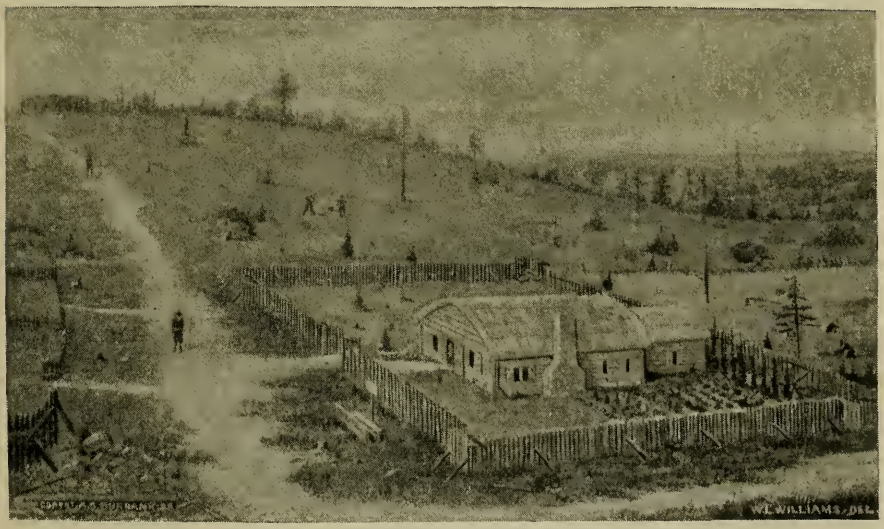
Another inscription reads:

"Had virtue's charms the power to save
Its faithful votaries from the grave,
This stone had ne'er possessed the fame
Of being worked with Lothrop's name."

On Elizabeth Savery's headstone is this:

"Remember me as you pass by,
As you are now so once was I;
As I am now, so you will be,
Therefore prepare to follow me."

From the summit of the hill one might still look down Leyden Street, if a church had not been erected on the slope of the hill so as to entirely cut off the view. On either side of this old historic street the colonists constructed their simple dwellings, with thatched roofs and oiled-paper windows. No Oregon pine and hard finish entered into those primitive habitations. But their dwellings, simple as they were, compared favorably with the houses of their day. The thatched roof was common in England. Only seven years before, the Globe Theatre burnt down while Shakespeare was its lessee, because in one of the plays the ignited wad of the gun set fire to the thatched roof. In Scotland the windows had no glass, but were closed by shutters in bad weather. These pioneers were not obscure men who sought to better their worldly condition in some new adventure; neither were they inferior in learning to the better classes of England. Robinson had been an eloquent and learned man. Brewster had been brought up in the service of his country, and those who came to the new world soon organized themselves into a well-ordered and industrious colony. The winter was uncommonly light, and an early spring was hoped for, as it was believed that death might stay its cruel hand. One half had laid down their lives in that hazardous undertaking during the first winter. Among the hardships, many little circumstances happened which brought sunshine and hope. One of these was the appearance of Samoset, who came down Leyden Street fearlessly, and to the great surprise of the colonists, with the magic word of "Welcome," on his tongue; not "Welcome, Englishmen," as is frequently stated. There was a volume in that one word. They had longed to meet some of the Indians and give assurance of their friendly feeling, as well as pay back to



GOVERNOR BRADFORD'S HOUSE IN 1621.

PILGRIM HALL.

the owners the corn which they had appropriated to themselves. Samoset came from Maine where he had met many fishermen off the coast, and learned a little English. Samoset, after a brief visit, left and soon returned with the Indian, Squanto, as he is usually called. The story of Squanto's life was full of pathos. He had been one of the victims of Captain Hunt's perfidy, and was carried away to England, where he remained three years He had been sent to Newfoundland, and returned to England; but was taken again to America, this time to his native home. What must have been the feelings and disappointment of this simple-minded but sensitive native, when, on landing, he had discovered that the whole of his tribe had been swept away by the plague of 1617-18, and he alone in the world. The colonists found the land unoccupied, and in Squanto a faithful friend and invaluable guide and interpreter, who remained with them until he died. No name in the history of those early days is more familiar; he had the instincts and weakness of an Indian, but they are forgiven and abundantly excused in the hearts of a generous people.

The early struggles of the Pilgrims and their experiences with the Indians are examples of the colonial experiences of those who pushed civilization into the West, and met there the red man in his wild home. But the Indian of New England was more advanced in his rude civilization than those met in the Rocky Mountains by the great pioneers of the American Desert. The former tilled the soil and manifested a certain intelligence and activity which were wanting in the West. The lands they found vacant, and an interpreter was at hand to instruct them in the crude methods of agriculture in those days. Their removal, too, from their mother country, subjected them to fewer inconveniences than were felt by the Pioneers of Utah, in their removal from the East. The ocean afforded better and cheaper transportation. The adventures and explorations of the Pilgrims never extended beyond the eastern part of Massachusetts. But the details of their lives and sufferings have been written and read with intense interest. Their examples and romantic experiences have moved to harmony the poet's song. If all that has been sung or written of them were collected, it would make a respectable library. The historian, too, philosophizes about them. Is it then any wonder that we trace the minute details of their lives, and attach a divine significance to all they did; when had it been otherwise, had despair driven them from their undertaking, this country might have been another nation? With the French advancing from the North,

the Spanish from the South, and the Virginia colony ready to despair in their adversity, who can say what might have been the destiny of our country! If the romance nations had gained possession, we must say, in the light of history, it must have been Catholic in religion, French and Spanish in language, and in law the offspring of Rome. These people built houses and made homes, but above all things they made history. After more than a century, when the struggles for existence and liberty were over, and a retrospective view taken to survey the march of our greatness, men's minds discovered in these sturdy and devout people the germs of nationality, and the arbiters of Saxon civilization and Protestant faith. The Pilgrims had attached great importance to all their transactions; pomp and ceremony were not wanting in their civil and military organizations. They were intensely sincere, ideal, and precise; for they believed they had a "precise God" to deal with. They had great faith in the consequences of their labors, and believed themselves the stepping-stones for others. Such people it is who live in history; those who lay the corner stone. How marvelous the change, in an age when almost every ambitious man aspires to be the crowning light of society and greatness! Whatever the colonists might have expected to be the result of their efforts, little attention was paid to their history for more than a century. Bradford, the second governor, has been the faithful chronicler of those days. His writings were stored away in a library in the tower of the Old South Meeting House at Boston. In early revolutionary times, when the British took possession of the building, the manuscripts disappeared. It was supposed they were lost, and after a number of years their loss was greatly regretted. Near the close of the last century, however, a Mr. Clark, of Boston, discovered Bradford's letters in a baker's shop in Halifax. The rescued letters were, unfortunately, incomplete, for three hundred and thirty-eight pages had been destroyed as wrapping paper. Governor Bradford's history, the most important of his writings, was lost to the public for more than three-quarters of a century, until in 1855 it was discovered in a public library in England. Much of Plymouth and Massachusetts history had been written before this, and the want of correct and specific information led to the introduction of errors which have been perpet-

STREETS IN PLYMOUTH.

uated by writers who preferred to consult what were regarded as authentic histories.

Every object, too, associated with the history of the Pilgrims has been carefully kept, and is exhibited annually to thousands in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth. You

Canopy over Plymouth Rock.

are shown the cradle of Peregrine White, the first Pilgrim child born in the New World, and the old-fashioned chair of William Brewster, their pastor and spiritual guide. The names of the Pilgrims have been carefully preserved and listed. We are told who were adults and who were children; who were married and who single; who left their families behind in the old world, and who brought theirs along; who died and who were born in those early days. Each separate incident, so far as known or can be learned, is discussed in all its details, with the relish of a gossip. The propriety of many peculiarities is wondered at or excused, according to individual preferences. The idolatrous claim universal justification, the charitable excuse, and the cynical censure. Here is a case in point. During the first winter of 1620 one half of the colony had died. Widows and widowers might be looked for. Such were Susana White and Edward Winslow. The latter had been a widower seven weeks, and the former a widow twelve. Marriage under these circumstances will set people wondering. It belongs to one of those proprieties the public claims the right to discuss. This is how a prominent writer sets this couple right before those who would question the social fitness of so hasty a marriage: "The case was exceptional. What would be indecorous in an older community, was here proper and desirable. Winslow should be at the head of a household, and the White children needed a paternal guardian, especially as their mother was occupied with the care of an infant. The marriage proved fortunate for all concerned." The Pilgrim and modern ideas of decorum evidently differed in more ways than one, but the reason here given will not convey to the ordinary reader any very clear distinction in questions of early and recent customs, touching the propriety of such marriages. These men had opinions of their own on other matters. It appears among other things that they eschewed all love and desire of office. Bradford himself begged to be excused. But someone *must* fill the offices, and men were fined a hundred dollars for refusing the office of governor, and fifty dollars for that of councilman. They kept, too, their eye upon courtship, and any young man who ventured to propose to a young lady, without first obtaining the consent of the parent or guardian, was fined, and received corporal punishment according to the discretion of the court. In this devout little community swearing was punished, according to the quality of the person, by placing the guilty one in the stocks. They looked after trade by fining those whose gains were too great. Miss Boulton was fined for slander, and John

Brooks for smoking, or "drinking tobacco," as they styled it, from the habit of swallowing the smoke, in a public highway. According to their "Charter and Laws of the Colony of New Plymouth," published in 1836, women, for abusing their husbands or striking their fathers-in-law, were fined. No mention seems to be made of mothers-in-law. It was enacted that whosoever "shall shoot off any gun on any unnecessary occasion, or at any game whatsoever, except at an *Indian* or *wolf*, shall forfeit five shillings for every such shot, till further liberty shall be given." Nor were these laws idle enactments. Stephen Hopkins was complained of for "selling beer at two pence a quart, which was worth only a penny;" and Thomas Cork was fined thirty shillings for "selling a pair of boots and spurs for fifteen shillings, for which he gave but ten." The court authorized Mr. Hatherly to admonish a woman, who had been brought before them, "to be wary of giving offense to others by unnecessary talking." Richard Sutton felt himself aggrieved. He had been courting Elizabeth Symonds, but the parents would not consent to marriage. Much time and effort had been without avail. He brought the matter before the court, and the father of Miss Symonds was ordered to pay fifteen dollars for time and expense of the said Richard Sutton. The court also voted to release the pair from their engagement, unless they preferred to renew it. One might be excused for wondering how long damages might be taxed against the obdurate father. These were peculiarities of their code, but they throw much light on the practical character of the people. Many excellent and enlightened laws were made to regulate the affairs of the colony. The people were intimately associated, and had not yet learned that social questions of propriety might not safely be made matters for legislation. The relations of the Indians and the Pilgrims were often contradictory. In their early associations a truly Christian spirit prevailed. The incident of Winslow going to the rude hut of the chief, Massasoit, and restoring, by his kind administrations, the dying Indian, is a touching story of humane sympathy. For many years the intercourse was free and open; many treaties and arrangements were made, and faithfully kept on both sides. But the colonists could not always conceal the sense of superiority which they manifested, nor the Indians the position of inferiority they felt. Ambition follows the red man, as it does the white man, but the race is decidedly uneven. Many Indians were taught to pray, were organized into communities, and their social conditions improved. They were often instructed in the principles of government, and, be it said to their credit, administered justice in a substantial manner. It has been said that they were strict and severe in the extreme. Hidondi seems to have been an administrator of the law. In the

National Monument to the Forefathers.

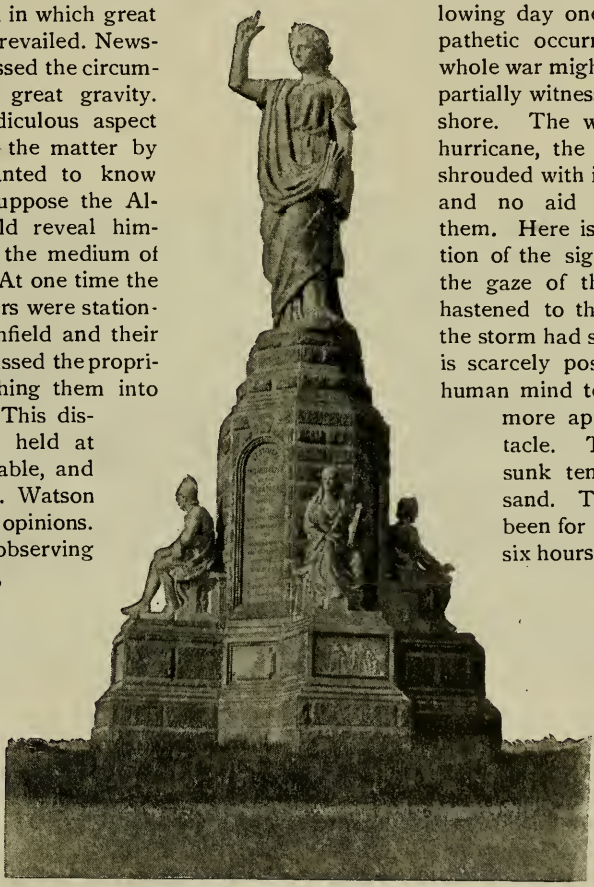
legal procedure of those Indian communities the following warrant was issued:

"I, Hidondi,
You, Peter Waterman,
Jeremy Wicket:
Quick you take him,
Straight you bring him
Before me, Hidondi."

This sententious brevity is curious by way of comparison with the legal subtleties of the white man's methods. When the faithful old chief Massasoit died, his son Philip did not share the good feelings of his father toward the colonists. Indeed, the unprincipled conduct of adventurers soon gave the Indian reason to believe the encroachments that were made would in time wholly disinherit him. Philip's wars were cruel and obstinate; but history can do no more than excuse the barbarities of the Pilgrims for setting up King Philip's head for twenty years on a pole to the gaze of the red men, whom the colonists hoped to hold in terror. Perfidity is about the only word which explains the selling of one hundred and sixty Dartmouth Indians into slavery. Respecting these circumstances the good and faithful Robinson, the pastor whom the Pilgrims had left behind in Holland, wrote how much more desirable it had been had they converted some before killing any. It has been said that the Pilgrims maintained their goods in common in imitation of the early disciples; but this is hardly true. For two or three years they held their land in common, and labor seems to have been treated the same way. A list of their possessions was taken at different times, and has been the subject of much speculation, and some little valuable historical information. When the real services of the great pioneers came to be better understood and appreciated, and men began to do them honors, souvenirs from their household effects were held in great esteem. Next to being a Pilgrim oneself the greatest honor would seem with some to have been in the possession of a Pilgrim's shoe or hat or box, or teacup and saucer, or a knife and fork. A careful examination of the list of household effects, disclosed the fact that forks were not mentioned, and further investigation led to the information that table forks were unknown to the English table in "Mayflower's" day. One Tom Coryat about this time brought a fork from Italy to England, and people gathered about the table to witness the comical sight of a man eating with a fork. Its use was ridiculed as a mark of effeminacy. Napkins were then made to serve the purpose of a fork. As tea and coffee were unknown to the Forefathers, the carefuly preserved Delftware cups and saucers claimed to be of those early days, may be regarded simply as anachronisms. Their common wooden plates were styled "trenchers," and their more valuable service sets were made of pewter. The pilgrims in their religious ceremonies, aimed to exclude everything that savored of the Catholic practices. The dead were buried with no ceremonies; in the beginning not even prayer was offered, and no sermons were delivered. They feared the habit of praying for the dead. In marriage they observed the civil rule, and priests were even prevented from speaking on the occasion, or performing the matrimonial rites.

But the great difficulty with the Pilgrims, as with others before and since their day, was a punctilious care to avoid the recurrence of past evils without suspecting the introduction of new ones. The positive character of the first generation asserted itself in the intolerance of subsequent generations. They were probably more liberal in those days than the Puritans who followed them to New England; but they were politically what they had been religiously. When the revolutionary period dawned, they had not all lost their eccentricities, and were among the most zealous, not only in their opposition to Great Britain, but also in their treatment of the tories. The Whigs contrived what they considered a very proper and interesting method of humiliating their political opponents. It was called "smoking the tories," who were placed in a room and a fire made on the hearth and the chimney closed at the top. Many who expressed sympathy with the king and parliament were forced to recant, sign their names to documents, and suffer these forced statements to be published in the newspapers. One man, for his tory affiliations, was closed in the carcass of an ox. Tripe was wound around his neck for a tie, and he was driven out of town on a cart. Others were tarred and feathered. During the early scenes of the war, while Howe's

army was moving to put the Americans in submission, an exciting event at Plymouth showed not only the superstition of those times, but the uncommon excitability of the Plymouthites. An egg was discovered on which could be plainly read the sentence: "O America, America! Howe shall be thy conqueror." By many of the more credulous, this was considered an evil omen. A meeting was held in which great excitement prevailed. Newspapers discussed the circumstances with great gravity. Finally a ridiculous aspect was given to the matter by one who wanted to know who could suppose the Almighty would reveal himself through the medium of an old hen. At one time the British soldiers were stationed in Marshfield and their captain discussed the propriety of marching them into Plymouth. This discussion was held at the dinner table, and all but a Mr. Watson gave their opinions. The captain, observing this reticence, called Mr. Watson aside and sought his opinions privately. Watson declared it unsafe to make the attempt. "Why, do you think they will fight," continued the Captain. "Yes, like the devil" was Watson's laconic reply. Had the general views obtained and the Captain marched the soldiers in to the city of the Pilgrims, the first blood of the revolution might have been shed in Plymouth instead of Lexington. Plymouth Harbor, too, was the scene of one of the most horrible events of the Revolutionary War. The ship *General Arnold* was on a cruise, having left Boston, December 24th, 1778. She had not been provided with a pilot and was driven on to the flats near Plymouth. She was soon filled with water and orders were given to cut away her masts. Many of the men were drunk and in a state of insubordination. On the twenty-sixth a considerable number died, and on the following day one of the most pathetic occurrences of the whole war might have been partially witnessed from the shore. The winds blew a hurricane, the ship was enshrouded with ice and sleet, and no aid could reach them. Here is the description of the sight as it met the gaze of the men who hastened to the boat after the storm had subsided: "It is scarcely possible for the human mind to conceive a more appalling spectacle. The ship was sunk ten feet in the sand. The waves had been for about thirty-six hours sweeping the main deck, and even here they were obliged to pile together the dead bodies to make room for the living. Seventy dead bodies, frozen into all imaginable postures, were strewn over the deck or attached to the shrouds and spars; about thirty exhibited signs of life, but were unconscious whether in life or death. The bodies remained in the postures in which they died, the features dreadfully distorted; some were erect, some bending forward, some sitting with the head resting upon the knees, and



National Monument to the Forefathers.

some with both arms extended, clinging to spars or posts of the vessel. The few survivors and dead bodies were brought over the ice on sleds and boards, and the dead were piled on the floors of the court house, exhibiting a scene calculated to impress the most callous heart with deep humility and sorrow. It has been said that the Rev. Mr. Robbins fainted when called to perform the religious solemnities. Those bodies that were to be deposited in coffins were first put into the town brook; a considerable number were seen floating on the water, fastened by ropes, that their forms might be made to conform to the coffins. About sixty were thrown into a large pit, as they were taken from the vessel." In the southwest part of "Burial Hill," the pit was located. It was said that all who drank liquor perished; but the captain, who drank none, but poured it freely into his boots, survived. Plymouth never grew beyond the limits of a small New England town. The Boston Harbor proved more adapted to the wants of commerce, and trade went that way. The old land marks about Plymouth have remained unobliterated by the demands of trade and a dense population. Forefathers Rock lies where the Pilgrims first pressed their feet upon it. There can be no doubt that this is the same rock. It was regarded as a souvenir of those early times by the Pilgrims themselves, and mention of it has been frequently made from that generation to this. In 1775, just before the war broke out, an attempt was made to move it, when it broke in two. A part was taken to the Town Square, where it was placed at the foot of the liberty pole, from whose top the flag bearing the inscription, "Liberty or Death," waved. In 1834 this fraction was carried in procession to the Pilgrim Hall; but tourists not understanding its meaning, where it was enclosed, it was again moved, and this time united to the o

Interior of Pilgrim Hall.

half at the original landing. A monumental canopy has been erected above it, and the iron gates are swung open during the day in the summer months so that the sentimental and enthusiastic may mount it and stand where once our Forefathers pressed its cold form. In a chamber of the canopy above the rock, the bones of some who died the first winter and were, by mistake of some workingmen, disenterred, have been carefully deposited in a metallic box. Just back of the rock may be seen Cole's Hill. Here, during that first sad dark winter, one-half of those who died where buried, and corn planted over their graves

that the Indians might know little of their loss and consequent weakness. At four different times, bones from the sacred burial ground have been exposed, and a stone slab has been placed over the spot where one of those exposures were made. On this hill the traveler seats himself on a bench provided by the city and looks over the harbor in contemplation of the historic past. The Court House contains the old charter and some early deeds which attract the wondering gaze of many. Just outside of the town to the northwest can be seen, towering from its conspicuous elevation, "The National Monument to the Pilgrim Fathers." It was constructed chiefly in Maine, and is made of granite. Its total height is eighty-one feet. The figure, or statue is said to be the largest piece of granite statuary in the world. The total length of the arm is nineteen feet two and a half inches, the circumference of the neck and the whole figure, two hundred and sixteen times life size. Its dedication took place August 1st, 1889. The grounds are not yet laid out and platted; but the monument presents an imposing view, and is the worthy tribute of a great people. Plymouth has gained some popularity of recent years as a summer resort. Its rolling hills and picturesque views make it a delightful retreat. It enjoys an electric street car line, which runs several miles along the beach to the hotels and summer cottages beyond the town on the south. The principal street runs north and south, and the great trees which interlace their branches from opposite sides, give a sombre green hue to the glowing light of a mid-summer sun. *Joseph M. Tanner.*

MACAULAY.

II.

It has been said that a speech delivered by Macaulay, on the great question which absorbed his father's life, attracted the notice of Jeffrey, then seeking for young blood to enrich the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, and that this was the means of his introduction into the guild of literature. The world is now familiar with that series of inimitable essays, which were poured out in rapid and apparently inexhaustible succession, for the space of twenty years. To criticise them, either in mass or detail, is no part of my duty, and even to enumerate would entail a pilgrimage to many and distant shrines.

In these essays Macaulay has written his mental biography. He has shown us the man. As in a glass, we may here see him as he is. He is not the thinker —reverent, hesitating, troubled—but the rare expositor of the thoughts of other times. He is not the discerner of spirits, but the omnivorous reader, familiar with every corner of the book world, and divining from the entrails of a folio, as the ancient augur from the entrails of a bird. He is not the prophet, but has a shrewdness of insight which often simulates that inspiration. He is not the mere partisan, save only "in that unconscious disingenuousness from which the most upright man, when strongly attached to an opinion, is seldom wholly free," but the discerning censor, who can deride the love-locks and fopperies of the cavalier, and yet admire the chivalrous loyalty; who can rejoice in the stern virtues of the Puritan, and yet laugh at his small scruples, and his nasal twang. He is not, alas! the apostle of Christ; the witness alike amid the gloom of Gethsemane and on the mount of vision; not for him are either of these agonies or that mountain baptism; he would have "feared to enter into the cloud." He is rather the Hebrew scribe, astonished at the marvelous works, eager and fluent in recording them, and yet retaining his earthward leanings, and cherishing his country's dream of the advent of a temporal Messiah.

Macaulay's first essay—that on "Milton—at once established his fame. In his later years he spoke of it as over-loaded with gaudy and ungraceful

ornament. But there are many with whom its high moral tone, courage, and healthy freshness of feeling will atone for its occasional dogmatism. Who has not felt his heart glow to read that description of the Puritan worthies, "whose palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on the nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt, for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure and eloquent in a more sublime language; nobles by the right of a higher creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand." Scarcely less eloquent, though much less known, is the description of the influence of the literature of Athens, which I quote as a fair example of his early style: "All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, consoling; by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney. But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier and better, by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage? Her power is indeed manifested at the bar, in the senate, in the field of battle, in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain, wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep, there is exhibited in its noblest form the immortal influence of Athens. Her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated; her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language into a barbarous jargon; her temples have been given up to successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable. And when those who have rivalled her greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travelers from distant regions shall in vain labor to discipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief—shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts—her influence and her glory will still survive, fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control."

You will not fail to perceive in the closing part of this quotation the first sketch of the celebrated New Zealander, who has certainly earned the privilege of a free seat on London Bridge, by the frequency with which he has "pointed a moral and adorned a tale." In his finished form and busy at his melancholy work, he appears again in an article on "Ranke's History of the Popes" to illustrate Macaulay's opinion of the perpetuity of the Roman Catholic Church:

"She saw the commencement of all the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple at Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." As we read this oracular announcement, one is ready to inquire, "Is it really so? Is the tide to roll back so far? Are all the struggles of ages fruitless? Has the blood of our fathers, shed in the battle of dear life, that life of the spirit which is

costlier far than this poor life of the body —has it flowed in vain? Ah! he sees but events on the level, and the thick, dark clouded mists of the past dim the eyes that would thus penetrate the future. Let us climb up higher, higher than the plain, higher than the plateau, higher than the tableland, even up on Pisgah's summit, where Faith rests upon the promises and awaits patiently their fulfilment, and in the light of the clear azure, which is unclouded by the fog, or by the shadow, we shall learn other lessons than these. We shall see one purpose in the history of nations, in the preparation of agencies, in the removal of hindrances, in the subjection, both of good and evil, to the unfolding and consummation of one grand design. There is hope for the future. We see that religion has hold of the world's intellectual wealth, spreading herself among the nations, and heaving unconsciously in every trampled land, where freedom groans. We see science extending her discoveries, education diffusing her benefits, and Popery shrinks from knowledge; liberty putting forth her hand that serfs may leap forth and become freemen, and Popery cannot harbor the free; scripture universally circulated, and Popery loves not the Word of God; and we know that the doom of the Mother of Harlots is spoken; and that in God's good time, she shall perish—perish from her seven hills, and from her spiritual wickedness, utterly and forever, from before the Lord, "slain by the breath of His mouth, and consumed by the brightness of His coming, and of His kingdom there shall be no end."

Even now, we can see the hand of God, carrying out to its final perfection, His marvelous work, by the hands of His people, who, at His command, go forth among the nations preaching the Gospel of Salvation, and the establishing of His Kingdom, awakening the people with a profound power that is growing, gathering strength, day by day, and year by year, and preparing in secret for the ministry, which its manhood is to wield.

The reader of Macaulay will not fail to be struck with his many scriptural illusions; and if he is in search for a peroration, and hits upon an image which rings more musically on the ear, or which lingers longer in the memory than another, it will be strange if it be not drawn from that wonderful Bible which dispenses to all men and grudges not, and is none the poorer for all the bounties of its magnificence. I will select a brief passage which represents the evils of the alliance between religion and power, and meets our literary taste, even if we suppose that there are two sides to the shield: "The ark of God was never taken till it was surrounded by the arms of earthly defenders. In captivity its sanctity was sufficient to vindicate it from insult, and to lay the hostile fiend prostrate on the threshold of his own temple. The real security of religion is to be found in its benevolent morality; in its exquisite adaptation to the human heart, in the facility with which it accommodates itself to the capacity of every human intellect, in the consolation which it bears to every house of mourning, in the light with which it brightens the great mystery of the grave. To such a system it can bring no addition of dignity or strength, that it is part and parcel of the common law. It is now, for the first time, left to rely on the force of its own evidences, and the attractions of its own beauty. Its sublime theology confounded the Grecian schools in the fair conflict of reason with reason. The bravest and wisest of the Cæsars found their arms and their policy unavailing, when opposed to the weapons that were not carnal, and the kingdom that was not of this world. The victory which Porphyry and Diocletian failed to gain is not, to all appearances, reserved for any of those who have, in this age, directed their attacks against the last restraint of the powerful, and the last hope of the wretched. The whole history of Christianity shows that she is in far greater danger of being corrupted by the alliance of power, than of being crushed by opposition. Those who thrust temporal sovereignty upon her, treat her as their prototypes treated her author. They bow the knee and spit upon her, they cry, 'Hail!' and smite her on the

cheek; they crown her, but it is with thorns; they put a sceptre in her hand, but it is a fragile reed; they cover with purple the wounds which their own hands have inflicted on her; and inscribe magnificent titles over the cross on which they have fixed her to perish in ignominy and pain."

All who read the essays must be impressed with the versatility of knowledge which they disclose. What has he not read! Quotations from obscure writers, or from obscure works of great writers; multitudinous allusions to ancient classics and modern authors; recondite references to some of the less studied books of Scripture; names which drive us to the Atlas to make us sure of our geography, or to the Universal Biography to remind us that they lived. It is said that, in alluding to this accumulation of knowledge, his associates nick-named him "Macaulay the Omniscient," and, indeed, the fact of his amazing knowledge is beyond dispute. How did he get it? Did it come to him by the fiat of heaven, as Adam's, in paradise? Did he open his eyes and find himself the heir of ages, as those who are born to fair acres and broad estates? Did he spring at once, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, full-armed, a ripe and complete scholar? Or was he like favored as others, with a clear mind and a resolute will—with a noble appreciation of knowledge, and a keen covetousness to possess it as his own? He had a wonderful memory, it is true, so that each fragment of his amassed lore seemed to be producible at will. He had a royal faculty, is also true, by which, as an alchemist, all that he had gathered was converted into a beauty of its own; but it was the persevering industry of labor which collected stores to the retentive memory and creative mind. Work, hard work, the sweat of the brain through many an exhausting hour, and through many a weary vigil, was the secret, after all, of his success. Many who slumber in nameless graves have had memories as capacious, and faculties as fine, but they wanted the steadiness of purpose, the patient, thoughtful labor, which multiplied the "ten talents" into "ten other talents." It is the old lesson which speaketh in every life—from Bernard Palissy, the potter, selling his clothes, and tearing up his floor to find fuel for the furnace, wearying his wife, and amusing his neighbors with dreams of his white enamel; from Warren Hastings, at seven years old, lying on the rivulet's bank and inwardly vowing that he would regain his patrimonial property and ancestral halls, and that there should be again a Hastings of Daylesford. It is the old lesson, a worthy purpose, patient energy for its accomplishment, a resoluteness undaunted by difficulties, and, in ordinary circumstances, success.

Do not say that you are not gifted, and that, therefore, Macaulay is no model to you; that yours is a lowly sphere and prosy occupation, and that even if you were ambitious to rise, or determined to be a hero in the strife, your surroundings would refuse to give you the opportunity. The powers and deeds of some men will be always miracles to other men, even to the end of time. It is quite possible, too, that the conditions of your life may be unfavorable, that your daily track may not beam with poetical incident, nor ripple into opportunities of transcendental greatness. But, granted all these disadvantages, it is the part of true manhood to surmount natural hindrances, and to make its own occasions. The highest greatness is not that which waits for favorable circumstances, but which compels hard fortune to render it service, which slays the lion, and goes on to other conquests, robed in its tawny hide. The real heroes are the men who force the tribute which the world would fain deny them.

"Men who walk up to Fame as to a friend,
Or their own house, which from the wrongful heir
They have wrested; from the world's hard hand and gripe.
Men who—like Death, all bone, but all unarmed—
Have ta'en the giant World by the throat, and thrown him,
And made him swear to maintain their name and fame
At peril of his life."

Respice Finem.

ALMINA.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON.

III.

A MORNING INCIDENT.

Early morning; so early in fact that the sleeping town had not begun to stir. It was fairly dawn, and the cool breezes from the hills were sweepin g down upon field and meadow; making the ripening wheat wave like a sea of billows, swaying the grass and the willows, and singing a tune in the distant tree tops. The air was bracing, as the nights are usually cold in those upper valleys. This morning it was very still, though, perhaps, that was owing to its being Sunday. The forces of nature had full scope for the displaying of their powers. The birds and beasts, the flowers, the trees, the brooks and the breeze had the world to themselves with not a human being to interrupt or criticise. Not one? Yes, there was one; but then Almina Brown, who was tripping along by the large hay meadow, was no harsh critic, but, instead, an interested observer and listener. She could find nothing to censure this morning, excepting perhaps that the grass was rather wet, and her shoes, being well worn, did not keep her feet dry. She was thoroughly at home, however, amid all this splendor of earth and sky. Almina crossed the hay-field and entered a strip of wood bordering the creek. Her hat, catching on the protruding branches, she took off, revealing a long braid of hair coiled loosely on top of a well shaped head. Crossing the creek on a foot-bridge, she followed the banks of the stream down till she came in sight of an open field again. Within this opening was—an Indian encampment. Oh, Almina was not frightened. She knew it was there all the time, in fact, it was the objective point of her morning's walk. The camp was one of those temporary stopping places of a few families of Indians, of the lazy, harmless kind, who travel from settlement to settlement and live on the begging and working of squaws. In summer, there were always some of these camps near Asheville, and the young people were frequent visitors to them. Almina had been to this camp before and had taken great interest in the many queer sights there to be seen. She had become acquainted with one of the more intelligent women and had asked her to show her how to make the fancy bead-work in which they were so expert. Her request had been granted and Almina was told to call at the camp and get a sample.

The indians were up and astir. Breakfast was even smoking by some of the tents. Strange that such indolent people shoud be out so early while their civilized and more industrious neighbors were yet in bed.

Almina did not stop long. She realized that it was Sunday and much work must be done at home before Sunday School. So, instead of going around by the foot bridge, she decided to try the fording place and cut "cross lots" for home. At the ford some large stones were scattered through the creek, upon which one could walk at low water. She found the ford as desired, and had begun the passage when she saw the bushes on the other side part, and who should emerge from them but Will Edwards! His eyes were cast down, and his face bore signs of anxiety. On his rough cheeks not long since, no doubt, had been something else. Almina saw it at a glance and was surprised. She did not speak, but advanced softly along the stones. Will did not hear or see her till they met in the centre of the stream, when he glanced up with a start and saw Almina standing on the stones completely barring his further progress.

Both stood staring at each other, Will's amazement soon turning to confusion. Almina broke the silence. With a smile, that ever ready utterance came to her lips:

"Well?"

"Well," answered Will trying to compose himself, "won't you please let me pass?"

Almina raised her eyes in feigned astonishment. "Let you pass! Now that's a bright idea! How am I to? Do you want one to step off this rock into the

water that your royal highness might go over dry shod?" Will tried to laugh, but it was a poor attempt. Almina saw his endeavors to control some burst of feeling, and ceased her raillery. "Come Will, what does this mean? You don't take early morning rambles, I know. And that bundle under your arm,—surely you are not leaving home?"

Will was struggling with a great lump that persisted in coming into his throat, and it was with an effort that he informed Almina, that such was the case. He then turned and retraced his steps. Almina followed. As they reached the bank she placed a hand on his arm, and said; "Will, tell me all about it. You have had trouble again with your Uncle Henry. You know I've always helped you."

"You have Almina; you have helped me more than any other human being. I owe so much to you Almina, that I can never repay it"—another struggle with that lump—"But I think you have had enough of my troubles, and it is not right for me to inflict them on you any longer."

Almina, however, insisted on hearing about this last difficulty, and Will told it to her as briefly as possible.

Ever since he had started to school, Will Edwards had been having a hard time of it at home. His Uncle Henry had opposed his going from the beginning. Had it not been for his employer's help and Almina's encouragement, he certainly would have failed. As Will became older, and likewise able to earn more money, things grew worse than ever. But Will's mind kept pace with his growth and the desire for knowledge becoming stronger, he gained the more strength to overcome the obstacles that were placed in his way. Almina was always his friend. To her all his troubles were rehearsed, and together they would plan to meet them. But Will's last adversity, told her that Sunday morning as they strolled along the bank of the creek, was the worse yet. He had been ordered out of the house the night before, and so that morning he had packed his bundle and left, having got to where Almina stopped him on his journey.

"And where do you intend going?" she asked, after he had finished.

"I am going to try and get work on the railroad. George Blakley told me they pay good wages, and that is what I want more than any thing else."

"More than good company or a good character?" Almina asked. She was very bold about it. Will tried to evade the question, and did not answer her directly. They soon got to argument over the matter, and Almina grew eloquent in her way. And so they reasoned, these two—not as of old, however, when she was the teacher and he the pupil. There is a time in the growth of a boy and girl when they spring up as if by some magic power from the child to the maiden and the manly youth; when it seems that the slow process of youth gives place to a sudden development that is really wonderful.

Will Edwards was a child no longer. His tall, straight form, broad shoulders and strong, muscular arms proved that; he had an honest face; not very handsome it is true; it had too much color in it for that. And Almina? She was the saucy, teasing child no longer. Like the promising bud, the opening flower gave evidence of a perfect blossom. The face had not lost its childhood beauty. It had but changed to a fuller, deeper fairness, telling more of the serious thoughts of life had found place within. The girl was nearly a woman.

Will was firm that morning, "stubbornly firm," Almina thought, and she could make nothing out of him. They had reached the road and had stopped. The sun had arisen above the hills and the people began to stir. The morning was advancing.

"Well, if you must go I will not persuade you further," said Almina. "But I am *so* sorry for you Will."

The changed tone appealed to him more than her argument had, and he relented a little.

"Do you really think it will be best for me to stay then?"

"I do Will; I would not say so if I did not."

There was a pause. Will was evidently

weighing over again what she had said. Almina put out her hand to him. It was a pretty hand, and as Will took it, he noticed the fact; also that her sleeve had been torn and the bare wrist had been scratched by a brier.

"Good-by Will"—she gazed up into his face with such a look—"I'm very sorry. I shall be so lonesome when you are gone, very lonesome indeed."

That decided him. A stronger man than Will would have yielded to that pleading. He promised her that he would not go, at least at present. So they walked up the road together, and parted at the gate. Will, evading the main street, went back home.

Almina was not missed, as she often took morning walks. So she busied herself with her many duties preparatory to going to Sunday School, singing as she worked. Her father was reading aloud to her mother from the *News*, the latest sermon of President Taylor. Turning the leaves of his paper, a note dropped out, which he picked up and read. It was simply a statement telling him that his subscription was due, yet it caused him to lay down the paper and become silent, which strange action needs a little explanation to understand.

Soon after the firm of Davis and Brown had established its mine on a paying basis, Brother Brown fulfilled the promise to his wife, by moving out of the rock house, into a neat cottage, away from the dusty road and rock hillside. Here they had planted trees and grass, and Almina and her mother had a flower bed also, full of pinks, sweet-williams and mignonette.

One day, when prospects were never brighter at the mine, the workmen made a discovery that made the prospectors' hearts sink. The mine would soon come to an end. That is, the vein they were working would soon end in an old abandoned mine. Of course that would be the end of their mine also. In a few days their worst fears were realized. The coal failed, and business was suspended. But the old miner Davis, true to his nature, persisted in prospecting for another vein, and even partly convinced his partner that prospects were good for a rich strike. So day by day they worked at the old tunnel without any results. And so day by day they earned nothing, while there were expenses continually. Brother Brown did not like to give up. That hope which "springs eternal in the human breast," urged him on. Besides, work at the mines was slack, and hard to get, so he kept at his labor, till he saw before him what looked very much like poverty again.

It was at this time that the little note fluttered from his paper, and caused his silence. He knew that even that little debt could not be paid.

Brother Brown sat in deep study. The mother helped Almina with the household work. The baby lay crowing in the cradle, and boisterous Thomas, junior, was racing around the room playing horse with the broom.

"Hush, Tommy; don't make such a racket," said his father impatiently. The father was not often cross, so the horse was put up in the corner, and Almina ceased her humming.

"Almina," he continued, "will you see George Crosbie and Will Edwards to-day?"

"I am likely to see them at Sunday School."

"Well, tell them to come to work to-morrow. I must meet an appointment to-day that will most likely keep me busy. Brother Davis is laid up with the rheumatism, and I must have some help in the mine. It will only be for a day or two, but it will decide for good whether the mine is worth anything."

On her way to school Almina could not help thinking of the incident with Will Edwards, and she questioned herself on her conduct towards him. Had she not been too hasty in persuading him to come back? He was out of work. True she was to notify him to come to work in the morning for a few days, and she even wondered how her father was to pay them for that small service. Will was a steady boy, and not easily led into bad ways. And then the reasons she gave! She would be lonesome. How foolish! As if there was not a whole town full of company. Of course Will was a nice

boy. She liked him very much, but then —what a goose she was. Strange to say, with all her reviewing, she did not once think of the little matter that had decided Will—the simplest, yet the weightiest arguments that she had used. What did that nervous grasp of the hand, that subtle glance, that gentle tone mean? It meant much to Will, but Almina did not even recall it. Had it been done without her cognizance? Had that act, that word, that glance stolen from her without awakening her consciousness to the fact? It was strange; but it looked very much that way.

IV.

AN EXIT AND AN ENTRANCE.

SUPPER was waiting. The baby slept peacefully in the cradle; Tommy was taking great pleasure in building block castles, and then knocking them over. Almina had picked up a book, and was reading while she waited. Her mother was busy over a basket of stockings. Fifteen minutes, a half hour, the clock ticked beyond the usual hour of the husband's returning.

"Father is later than usual to night," suggested Almina, fearful lest the supper should get cold.

"I think they intend to finish to-night," answered the mother.

"If nothing is accomplished, your father said that will be the end of the old mine as far as he is concerned."

"I think it ought to be," added Almina. Another half hour went by, but no one came.

Sister Brown put up her work, and, remarking that it was strange, said she would run over to Charlie's and see if George had come home. Tommy had fallen asleep on the floor, and Almina put him to bed. It was quite dark, and she lighted the lamp. Her mother soon returned. Neither George nor Will Edwards had come from work. Sister Brown was quite nervous, and Almina, telling her to sit down, said she would go to the mine. She threw a light shawl over her head and hurried up the street, then across the field and over the hillside. It was quite dark, but the path was familiar to her. She could see the bonfires that were throwing out their lurid glare up the valley at Johnson Brothers' new mine. The lights were twinkling in the town below. The wind had shifted to the north and was driving some threatening clouds across the sky. There were no signs of life at the mine. The neglected cars and gin, cast dark shadows on the black coal-dust, and the mine's opening yawned in inky silence. Almina shuddered as she entered the tunnel, and felt the cold draught strike her face. She stood in hesitancy, listening, but she heard nothing. Going to a niche in the wall where the lamps and matches were kept, she made a light and started down the mine. She knew the way as she had been there many times; but the air seemed strange to-night, and soon she noticed that it was full of dust. As she advanced, this became thicker and more offensive. Almina could not understand it, and she felt a misgiving that all was not right.

Suddenly in the distance a light appeared. Her heart gave a throb of joy. They were coming at last, so she stopped and waited. The light danced in the darkness, waving from side to side, but approaching very slowly. There being only one light was also strange, as each miner carried a lamp in his cap. Waiting a few moments she made the black walls ring with a shout. No answer came back; but the light slowly advanced and she saw the outlines of a figure that made her start and nearly brought the flutttering heart to a stop. It was George Crosbie. He was covered with dirt, which had mixed with blood flowing from gashes in his head. One arm hung helpless, and he was dragging himself along, a sickening spectacle.

"George what has happened?" Almina fairly screamed in her terror. "Where is father and Will?" "Down below," he answered in a hoarse, weak whisper. "Get help quick, *the mine has caved in!*"

Rooted to the spot she stood. Should she run for help? Could she do anything alone? She would not be able to find them. But the time it would take to find help. Oh, the agony of that moment! But is was only for a moment and she had decided, and was speeding

back again, up the tunnel, down into the street where she hurriedly told the terrible news to all she met. Then back again in breathless haste, her long hair flying in the night air, her face as pale as death.

In a few minutes Asheville was aroused. Every man that heard, seized his tools and hurried to the rescue. They all understood the danger, and that it depended upon their haste, whether, if still alive, the imprisoned miners could be rescued. The excited crowd paused for a moment's consultation at the mouth of the tunnel, and, learning from George the exact locality of the accident, hastened on.

From the main entrance they turned into a side passage, as they had been directed, and soon came to where the roof of the mine had caved in, completely blockading the way. The men stood aghast. If the unfortunate miners were under that huge pile of coal, rock, and earth, they were beyond all earthly aid. All that could be done was to dig them out and give them a proper burial. One of the men climbed up the pile and shouted through an opening at the top. No answer came but the mocking echo of his own voice. Again he shouted and listened. A faint voice answered from the other side. The men listened with breathless silence till they heard it again, and then, with a subdued cheer, went to work A passage was soon made, and Will Edwards was found on the other side, partly buried beneath a mass of coal. With great care he was released and brought out. When he was asked about Brother Brown he simply pointed to the pile from under which he had come. Will was carried to the open air and gently conveyed to his home. Some hours after, the expectant people at the top had their worst fears confirmed by seeing a solemn procession emerge from the mine, carrying with them a lifeless form covered with coats and jackets. Not a word was said, but many an eye was wet as they learned the awful truth.

But what had become of Almina? She was not at home. The neighbors were comforting the grief-stricken wife, and assisting in every way possible, but Almina was not there, and no one had seen her since she had carried the startling news to the town. It was nearly midnight before she was missed, and then searching parties were sent out for her.

Meanwhile Almina sped back to the mine and darted down the black hole again, before anyone had time to get there. She had a confused idea of being able to do something. She could not remain passive. She must try—and all the horror of being crushed beneath the cruel rock, came to her mind as she rushed along the tunnel with her miner's lamp trembling in her hand. The mine was unusually long, she thought. Would she never reach the end? Still on she went, till at last she hardly knew where she was going. The passage began to turn. On the right and on the left were branches extending from the main tunnel, to where, she did not know. As she turned an abrupt angle in the wall, a strong draught blew out her lamp, and she was left in darkness! She stopped and tried to collect her mad thoughts. She had not once reflected on her own danger; but now her position came forcibly upon her. In all this labyrinth of passages she had become lost! She knew no direction. Perhaps she had got into the old mine, into which her father's had ended; if so, she would be doubly confused, as she could tell nothing about direction or slope.

Almina forgot for the instant her errand, in her own peril. But her father's position soon came to her again, and in her distress she stretched out her hands into the darkness, crying, as she went, "Father, father!" Over and over the echoes rolled. The poor girl groped her way by the wall, running her hands over the cold, sharp surface, till they were cut and bleeding. Soon she felt the drip of water from the roof and sides, and heard it trickle and gurgle away in the darkness. It pattered upon her head and shoulders, and ran down her loose tresses. Then she began to wonder what had become of her shawl, and whether she would get wet ere she could get out. An abutment which she ran against hurt

her head, and she sat down on a projecting ledge to rest. Oh, how thick the darkness—how cold the damp air! Could she but see one glimmer of light to give her hope! The gloom seemed to stifle her, and her breath came fast. Soon a sob broke upon the stillness, and with it came a flood of tears. The pent-up agony found a release, and her brain became clearer again

She saw how useless it was for her to attempt to go farther. Her only hope seemed in her being missed and some one finding her. She had heard that the old mine was full of dangerous places into which she might fall; so she sat there, stifling the wound on her head, which was bleeding, and playing with her dripping hair, which hung in damp clusters over her shoulders. Had her father been rescued? she thought vaguely. What had become of Will? She wondered whether they were dead or alive. Oh, if they had not persisted in working the old mine when everybody had condemned it as worthless and dangerous! Then her mind flew back home, and innumerable trivial matters came to her. She saw her mother and the comfortable sitting room. The baby was asleep in the cradle, and Tommy was kicking up his usual pranks. How brightly the lamp shone! How cheery the fire looked! Pictures came and went. How long she sat thus she did not know.

What was that? A shout! Yes, there it is again! Almina sprang to her feet and shouted as loudly as she could. In return there was a prolonged "halloo." Grasping at the hope of being found, Almina continued to answer the repeated calls until they were quite close. She did not recognize the voice, and when she heard the approach of some person in the darkness, whom she did not know, there was some timidity in her answers.

"Halloo, halloo!" shouted a strong masculine voice, "Where are you?"

"Here, here!" answered Almina, at the same time shrinking back.

"In God's name show me the way out of this!" came from the stranger in excited tones.

He was at her side, his voice trembling with emotion. He held out his arms at full length to find the person he was addressing. She heard him and pressed against the wall to evade his grasp.

"Who are you?" Almina asked. The stranger started. He had not expected to hear such a girlish voice. He would have been doubly startled could he have seen that girlish form and beautiful, pale face. But he could do nothing but answer:

"I am a stranger in this place, and am lost in this mine. I narrowly escaped being buried under a falling roof, together with Mr. Brown and some workmen. I cannot account for your presence here, as your voice shows you to be a lady. But in heaven's name direct me out of this abode of death!"

His voice was not harsh, and at the mention of her father's name Almina held back no longer, but, springing to her feet, came in contact with his arm, upon which she laid her hand.

"Oh, sir, Mr. Brown is my father. Tell me what you know. Is he safe? Has he been hurt? Dear sir, tell me!"

"I cannot answer you," he said in gentler tones. I fear some of them are hurt, but to what extent I know not. When the crash came I narrowly escaped, and have been wandering through these dismal passages ever since. Can you not direct me out?"

"Sir, I am lost like yourself." The stranger uttered an exclamation of despair.

"I am in search of my father. I am well acquainted with his mine, but I fear we have got into an old one that opened into father's. My lamp went out, and oh, sir, I also hoped *you* could show *me* the way out."

Then there was silence. The hope that had arisen in each breast could naught but die again. He realized her distress, and his own diminished when he thought of it. Discovering the projecting ledge he asked her to sit down. He did not wish to be bold, but he helped her gently and sat down by her side. He wished to help her. It was such a terrible position for a girl to be in. She seemed to divine his feelings, and over-

coming her timidity, placed some reliance on his protection. His coming had brought companionship at least, and that was something in a place like that.

Almina told him what chances there were of escape, which certainly were not bright. "If we had a light," she said, "we could make some headway, but without it there is danger, as the old mine is full of holes and pits." So they decided to remain quiet for a time in the hope that help would come.

The stranger took out his watch and opening the face, felt of the hands. "It is only about half-past ten. Heavens! I thought it was at least midnight!" he exclaimed.

Almina could not help asking how he knew the time, and when he told her, she thought "how ingenius!" They waited another half hour by the watch. Nothing was heard but the falling and dripping water. Almina shivered from cold and wet. Her companion perceived it and taking off his coat threw it about her shoulders. He asked no questions, but when she remonstrated he simply told her she must, and drawing it about her neck buttoned it there. Then, not giving her further chance to object, he continued: "Pardon me if I am bold, but you are wet and cold and must not remove the coat. Am I right in calling you Miss Brown?" Almina told him her name. "And mine is Garnett—Victor Garnett. I came with your father to look after some mining prospects. That is how I came here. And now don't you think it will be better for us to move about a little, as it is cold and wet here. We will be careful. "Take my hand and I will lead the way and look out for pits and rocks" She placed her trembling hand in his. "How soft and warm," she thought; "so unlike the hard callous grasp of the farmer and mine boys—Will Edward's, for instance."

Feeling their way in the darkness, they advanced, slowly and laboriously, edging around rough corners and climbing over obstacles in their way. Their progress was, however, stopped by their coming to the end of the passage.

"We have found one end, it seems" remarked Mr. Garnett, "Now if we can only find the other, we are all right."

So they turned and retraced their steps. Weary and dejected they plodded on, it seemed to them for hours till at last the air lost its oppressiveness and its pitchy darkness. "We are near an opening!" exclaimed Almina. Sure enough, a star shone down into their prison and guided them into the open air. Oh, how good it was to again breathe it, to stand beneath the open heavens and feel its breezes on the brow! To behold the earth again and see the signs of life around them. As they waded through the yielding slack (for they had escaped through the old mine), Almina would have dropped with fatigue, had not her companion nearly borne her to a seat. As Victor Garnett looked upon that face and saw its beauty dimly outlined, beheld that young, graceful form resting against him, he seemed lost in wonder and admiration.

Coming up the road was a searching party with lanterns. Mr. Garnett hailed them and they were soon among friends.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS EVE.

All night long the pine-trees wait,
Dark heads bowed in solemn state,
Wondering what may be the fate
Of little Norway Spruce.

Little Norway Spruce who stood
Only lately in the wood.
Did they take him for his good—
They who bore him off?

Little Norway Spruce so trim,
Lithe, and free, and strong of limb!
All the pines were proud of him;
Now his place is bare.

All that night the little tree
In the dark stood patiently,
Far away from forest free,
Laden for the morn.

Chained and laden, but intent,
On the pines his thoughts were bent,
They might tell him what it meant,
If he could but go!

Morning came. The children. "See!
Oh, our glorious Christmas-tree!"—
Gifts for every one had he;
Then he understood.

St. Nicholas.

MYSELF:—PHYSICALLY.

MUCH has been written about duty; more, no doubt, than will ever be put into practice by saint or sinner. Our duty to God, to our religion and to each other has been fully convassed; but how seldom do we see an article concerning our duty to ourselves. This seems rather strange, for, after all, this little bit of molecular matter pertaining to every individual of us, and known as Myself, is a most important thing, and the one in which we are most interested, in ninty-nine cases out of every hundred.

After calling Myself the most important and best beloved object in existence, it may sound somewhat inconsistent to continue by asserting that it is, of all things, that which we are best acquainted with and of which we take the least care.

That the first statement is correct, I think none will attempt to deny. Although we all acknowledge the desirability of that halcyon state of society when every man shall "love his neighbor as himself," there are few who will hazard the opinion that such a state of affairs exists at the present time.

The truth of my second statement I shall attempt to prove; dealing first with that part of Myself most nearly related to our daily life and experience; *i, e.*, the physical or temporal part, and following in the future, with the mental and moral constituents.

When we begin our earthly career as the most helpless and dependent of all God's creatures, there is given us a body or tabernacle, which is not the whole, but only a part of our dual being. This body is intended wholly and solely as a home for the heavenly or spiritual part of our natures, through the medium of which it can descend from its high estate to do and perform the duties incumbent upon mortality. With this body are given certain simple and well defined laws for its government. The strict observance of these laws insures to the individual, under ordinary circumstances, health and the preservation of his body, as long as it is necessary for him to continue his mission of mortality. The laws are simple, and easily complied with by the most unlettered of the Great Author's children. But woe to him, who, unwittingly or otherwise, gives not strict heed to their behests! The penalty of disobedience follows as surely as does night the day; the laws of the Medes and Persians being not more unalterable, nor the Spanish Armada more invincible!

Among the most important of these laws or conditions are:

I. FOODSTUFF. A certain kind and amount being entirely necessary for the growth of youth, the maintenance of the adult, and the repair of waste at all ages. Foods, for the present purpose, may be roughly classified as solids, liquids and gases, these being further divided into suitable or nutritious and injurious or non-nutritious.

To best know how to keep this law, I must make a study of the manner in which foods are taken into the body, and how utilized when there, for its repair; also the variety of foods best suited to the condition and circumstances of Myself, and the best mode of preparing it.

Have I done so in either case? Alas, I fear not! I know when I am hungry, by instinct, the same as animals of lower grade; but I think nothing of the processes which have gone on to bring me to that condition. That much abused organ, the stomach, to relieve the sensation, is filled up, pell-mell, with such articles as chance, or an appetite depraved by generations of like usages, see fit to crowd into it. I say, "crowd into it," because it is my opinion that all of civilzed humanity eat too much; more in quantity than is required to keep up the equilibrium of the body, though, perhaps, many make up in quantity what the food lacks in quality. The mass of imperfectly masticated solids, washed down with some steaming hot liquid, and tapered off with a gaseous dessert in the form of tobacco smoke, tell the dietary tale of three-fourths of the human family, or perhaps I should say the *civilized* human family, for undoubtedly we might learn many lessons of wisdom in such respects from the heathen.

Too often the result of such regimen is

a train of disorders, whose final outcome is that most pernicious and diabolical of all diseases—dyspepsia. Thus in one point have I demonstrated my ignorance of, and carelessness concerning that delicate organism, Myself.

II. EXERCISE: A certain kind and amount of which must be taken to keep the mechanism of the body in good running order.

This second law of nature goes hand in hand with that just discussed, as they mutually aid and depend on each other. Non-usage, as in all mechanics, implies rustiness, stiff joints, and a general tendency toward degeneration. Again, over-usage will result in a wearing-out of the energies before their proper time; hence a curtailing of usefulness. The happy *medium* should here be struck, as in all things; extremes and extremists being neither pleasant nor profitable.

How do I treat myself in regard to this great law? Have I made a study of my capacity for labor, or of the kinds suitable to my condition? Again I am forced to answer, no. Very gravely I gaze upon Myself, while I think of the many nights spent in dancing, until my tired limbs would scarcely bear me to my home; to the tremendous "washings" done in a given length of time, lest, perchance, my neighbor over the way might be deemed the better housewife; to the thousand and one equally hard and equally useless performances of my earlier days. And, in the light of experience, what do I see? The heart, that vital organ, taxed to its utmost to carry on the quickened circulation; muscles jaded and sore, requiring at least a week to regain their normal tone; nerves strung to their highest tension, laying a most sure foundation for future paralysis or other nerve troubles. In anguish of spirit I groan aloud, "Oh, why was I left in such gross ignorance concerning myself? Why did not some friendly monitor thunder into my ear (a whisper would have been unheeded) warning of the dreadful consequences of such a course of life, and snatch me from the abyss yawning so threateningly before me; yet all invisible to my youthful and pleasure-beclouded eyes."

But, gentle reader, this blind disregard of the second rule of health is not confined to youth. Look to yourselves, housewives, mothers, students, men and women of all classes and occupations! Who among you are not living too fast; demanding more of your poor bodies than you accord in return; more wear than repair; more work than rest? Remember you are drawing upon your capital, and when the day of settlement comes, the balance will be small, while the penalty will be sure, the reward unavoidable.

III. SLEEP. A certain kind and amount necessary to the repair of strength and vitality.

If any primal law of our being is more important than another, it is this; and none other is more flagrantly abused. Sleep has been aptly and truthfully styled "nature's own restorer," for it is only during the hours of unconsciousness produced by this peculiar and unexplainable state, that mother nature has an opportunity to exert herself in our behalf without let or hindrance. How absolutely necessary, then, that we should have the full quota of this vitality-restoring agent to antagonize the effects of a long day of labor and fatigue. Here, again, extremes must be avoided. He who sleeps away two-thirds of the precious hours is a sluggard, and will never amount to anything for himself or others. Happily such characters are rare. The great majority err on the other side. Gentle reader let us glance once more at Myself, and see how she is faring in this connection. Are her eyes clear and bright, her face beaming with intelligence and health, her step buoyant and elastic, the result of sound and regular sleep long continued? Once more our glances droop, as we falter out the inevitable "no," contrasting the picture just drawn with the tired lustreless eyes, more or less drooping form, lagging gait, and dulled sensibilities of the figure we are obliged to conjure up. Of course there are reasons for all this. If we are young and fashionable, there are so many social duties to attend, which, if neglected, results in a loss of caste; if we are ambitious to get money there is the

great race for the "golden calf;" if a student, and ambitious, there is so much to learn, and life is so very short; if we are house-keepers and mothers, there are a hundred excuses for finding us out of our beds in the "wee, sma' hours." I might go on, *ad infinitum*, through the whole catalogue of professions and trades, and find just as plausible excuses in all, for neglecting Myself in this great particular, and laying her liable to disease and death.

In this age of rush and hustle I fear my heroine receives but little attention, save that which ministers to a false and pretentious pride; and which leads to anything but an elevation of the standard of physicial being, its effect on the mental and moral attributes being also of a doubtful character.

So long as four or five hours of fitful, feverish sleep are made to do duty for ten of sound, healthful ones, so long are we going to be delicate women, irritable, nervous men, with sound foundations for all the physical, mental, and moral ailments to which flesh is heir.

IV. PURE AIR. A certain amount absolutely necessary to assist in building up new and eliminating waste tissues. By pure air is meant air in the condition prepared by the Maker for our use, unpolluted by any extraneous matter. Extremes of temperature should be avoided. The old popular error that cold air is necessarily pure, and hot or warm air impure, should be done away at once. If I coop myself up in a room or office at seventy or seventy-five degrees F., for hours, then, without change of attire, go out into an open air of a few degrees only above zero, I should not feel annoyed if I come in with my eyes red and watery, nose blooming and irritable, and a generous feeling of tightness and soreness in the chest. I am only reaping another reward for my ignorance and carelessness concerning the much-abused Myself. Happy for me if I take warning this time, and avoid future and more serious troubles.

Dear reader, these four simple and vital rules of our physical being have been laid down in this form with a hope that they will draw to your attention some of the most common methods in which we are abusing the great trust placed in our hands by an all-wise Father, when He gave to us these bodies, so fearfully and wonderfully made, and for the proper care and use of which He will undoubtedly hold us responsible.

If these few words of warning will cause one person to reflect upon these matters, and to relinquish those foolish and unnecessary burdens imposed by false ideas of duty and necessity, my object will have been partially gained, and I will feel that my labors have not been in vain. *Cactus.*

CHURCH EMIGRATION.

VIII.

THE PERPETUAL EMIGRATING FUND COMPANY.

PREVIOUS to leaving Nauvoo, the Saints entered into a solemn covenant in the temple, that they would not cease their exertions until every individual of them who desired, and was unable to gather to the Rocky Mountains by his own means, was brought to that place. This engagement was not forgotten, but as soon as the Saints in the Valley began to reap the rewards of their toil, and stock, and the produce of the earth accumulated in their hands, the pledge was sacredly redeemed. The subject was introduced at the October Conference, in 1849, by President Heber C. Kimball, and a unanimous vote was there and then taken to raise a fund for the fulfilment of the promise. A committee consisting of Willard Snow, John S. Fullmer, Lorenzo Snow, John D. Lee, and Franklin D. Richards, was appointed to raise the money, and Bishop Edward Hunter was appointed to carry it to the States, to purchase wagons and cattle, and bring the poor Saints from the Pottawattamie lands. (*Millennial Star*, Vol. XII, page 133). About five thousand dollars were

raised that season, and Edward Hunter took it at once to the Pottawattamie country, crossing the plains late in 1849, together with the first company of missionaries who ever left Great Salt Lake Valley to go on foreign missions.

At the same October Conference, it was resolved that Apostles Amasa M. Lyman and Charles C. Rich be appointed agents to gather up means for the fund in California; also that the Perpetual Emigrating Fund for the poor be under the direction of the First Presidency of the Church.

The objects of this fund are set forth at length in the following extracts of a letter from the First Presidency to Apostle Orson Hyde, who then presided over the Saints in the Pottawattamie country, Iowa:

"Great Salt Lake City, October 16, 1849.

"President Orson Hyde, beloved brother: * * * We write to you more particularly at this time, concerning the gathering, and the mission of our general agent, for the Perpetual Emigrating Fund, for the coming year, Bishop Edward Hunter, who will soon be with you, bearing the funds already raised in this place; and we will here state our instructions to Bishop Hunter, so that you may more fully comprehend our designs.

"In the first place, this Fund has been raised by voluntary donations, and is to be continued by the same process, and by so managing as to preserve the same, and cause them to multiply.

"Bishop Hunter is instructed to go direct to Kanesville, and confer with the general authorities of the Church at that place, and by all means within his reach, procure every information, so as to make the most judicious application of the funds in the purchase of young oxen and cows, that can be worked effectually to the Valley, and that will be capable of improving and selling after their arrival, so as to continue the fund the following year.

"We will give early information, to those whom we have directed to be helped, and such others as he shall deem wisdom, being aided in his judgment by the authorities among you, so that they may be preparing their wagons, etc., for the journey.

"Wagons are so plenty here, that it is very desirable not to purchase with the perpetual fund; but let those to be assisted make wagons of wood, when they cannot get iron, such as will be strong and safe to bring them here, so that all the funds may be appropriated to the purchase of such things as will improve in value, by being transferred to this place.

"The poor can live without the luxuries of life, on the road and in the Valley, as well as in Pottawattamie and other places; and those who have means to purchase luxuries, have monies to procure an outfit of their own, and need no help; therefore let such as are helped, receive as little assistance in food and clothing, wagons, etc., as can possibly make them comfortable to this place, and when they arrive, they can go to work and get their outfit, of all things necessary for comfort and convenience, better than where they are, and even luxuries.

"As, early in the spring as it will possibly do, on account of feed for cattle, Brother Hunter will gather all his company, organize them in the usual order, and preside over the camp, traveling with the same to this place; having previously procured the best teamsters possible, such as are accustomed to driving, and will be gentle, kind and attentive to their teams.

"When the Saints thus helped arrive here, they will give their obligations to the Church to refund to the amount of what they have received, as soon as circumstances will permit; and labor will be furnished to such as wish on the public works, and good pay; and as fast as they can procure the necessaries of life, and a surplus, that surplus will be applied to liquidating their debt, and thereby increasing the perpetual fund.

"By this it will readily be discovered, that the Funds are to be appropriated in the form of a loan, rather than a gift; and this will make the honest in heart rejoice, for they love to labor, and be independent by their labor, and not live on the charity of their friends; while the lazy idlers, if any such there be, will find fault, and want every luxury furnished them for their journey, and in the end pay nothing. The Perpetual Fund will help

no such idlers; we have no use for them in the Valley; they had better stay where they are; and if they think they can devise a better way of appropriating the emigrating funds, than we propose, let them go to work, get the funds, make the appropriation, set us a better pattern, and we will follow it; and by that time we are confident that they will have means of their own, and will need no help.

"Brother Hunter will return all the funds to this place next season, when the most judicious course will be pursued to convert all the cattle and means into cash, that the same may be sent abroad as speedily as possible on another mission, together with all that we can raise besides to add to it; and we anticipate the Saints at Pottawattamie and in the States, will increase the funds by all possible means the coming winter, so that our agents may return with a large company.

"The few thousands we send out by our agent, at this time, is like a grain of mustard seed in the earth; we send it forth into the world, and among the Saints, a good soil; and we expect it will grow and flourish, and spread abroad in a few weeks so that it will cover England, cast its shadow on Europe, and, in process of time, compass the whole earth: that is to say, these funds are designed to increase until Israel is gathered from all nations, and the poor can sit under their own vine and inhabit their own house, and worship God in Zion.

"If from any cause there should be a surplus of funds in the hands of our agent, when he leaves the States with a company, he will deposit the same with some good house, subject to our order, or bring it with him as wisdom dictates.

"We remain,

"Your Brethren in the Gospel,

Brigham Young,
Heber C. Kimball,
Willard Richards."

In another communication dated Great Salt Lake City, October 14th, 1849, President Young writes to Apostle Orson Pratt, then presiding over the British Mission, as follows:

"The Perpetual Emigrating Fund for the poor Saints, we wish all to understand, is *perpetual*, and in order to be kept good, will need constant accessions. To further this end, we expect that all who are benefited by its operations, will be willing to reimburse that amount as soon as they are able, facilities for which will, very soon after their arrival here (in Great Salt Lake Valley), present themselves in the shape of public works; donations will also continue to be taken from all parts of the world, and expended for the gathering of the poor Saints. This is no Joint Stock Company arrangement, but free donations. Your office in Liverpool is the place of deposit of all funds received, either for this or the tithing funds, for all Europe, and you will not pay out only upon our order, and to such persons as we shall direct." (*Millenial Star.* Vol. XII, page 141.)

March 29th, 1850, Apostle Franklin D. Richards arrived in England, having been appointed at Great Salt Lake City, October 6th, 1849, to co-operate with Apostle Orson Pratt, in the British mission, and immediately introduced the subject of the Perpetual Emigrating Fund to the British Conferences. (See *Millennial Star*, Vol. XII, pages 135-138.) Donations were made at once, and the first received was two shillings and sixpence from Mark and Charlotte Shelly of Woolwich, April 19th, 1850. The next was one pound sterling from George P. Waugh, of Edinburg, on the nineteenth of June, and generally speaking the Saints in Great Britain contributed liberally to this fund from the beginning. Donations as high as £400 were made to it by single individuals, and the total amount contributed up to July 1854, was £6832 19s 11d. Missions on the continent of Europe and a few in other parts of the old world—some of them actually residing near the foot of the Himalaya Mountains in central Asia—had, up to the same time, deposited with the British agency £280 9¼ d., making a total of £7113 8¼d., in addition to the value of the fund in Utah. One very important feature of the Fund was, that it enabled persons residing in Utah at that early day to send for their friends from the old countries, or, from where-

ever an agency was established. This object was effected by depositing with the Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company in the Valley, the amount of the passage money, and they direct the agent abroad to send the parties out. Up to December 1855, nine hundred and forty-nine persons of this class had been sent out from the British Isles. The total number of souls sent out by the British agency, aided by the Perpetual Emigrating Fund up to the close of 1855, was two thousand eight hundred and eighty-five, including a small number from the French, Italian and Swiss Missions. Besides this the Scandinavian Mission appropriated in 1853, to the assistance of such emigrants, £136 15s. 6d., and during the following years contributions continued to come in for the same purpose in Denmark, Sweden and Norway.

In Utah the Perpetual Emigrating Fund was increased in value to about twenty thousand dollars, in 1850, and at a general conference of the Church, held in Great Salt Lake City, September 7th, 1850, a committee of three, consisting of Willard Snow, Edward Hunter, and Daniel Spencer, was appointed to take care of, and transact the business of the Poor Fund, as it was sometimes called. It was also agreed to organize the committee into a company, and get it chartered by the State of Deseret. This was done in the same month (September, 1850), when the General Assembly of the Provisional State of Deseret passed the following:

"*Ordinance incorporating the Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company.*

"SEC. 1. Be it ordained by the General Assembly of the State of Deseret, that the general or a special conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, to be called at such time and place as the First Presidency of said Church shall appoint, is hereby authorized to elect, by a majority, a company, of not less than thirteen men, one of whom shall be designated as their president, and the others, assistants.

"SEC. 2. This company is hereby made and constituted a body corporate, under the name and style of the Perpetual Emigrating Company; and shall have perpetual succession, and may have and use a common seal, which they may alter at pleasure.

"SEC. 3. This company, under the name and style aforesaid, shall have power to sue, and be sued, plead, and be impleaded, defend, and be defended, in all courts of law or equity, and in all actions whatsoever; to purchase, receive, and hold property, real and personal; to receive, either by donation, on deposit, or otherwise, money, gold dust, grain, horses, mules, cows, oxen, sheep, young stock of all kinds, as well as any and every kind of valuables, or property whatsoever; to emit bills of credit and exchange; to sell, lease, convey, or dispose of property, real and personal; and finally, to do and perform any and all such acts as shall be necessary and proper for the interest, protection, convenience, or benefit of said company.

"SEC. 4. A majority of said company at headquarters shall form a quorum, to do business, and shall elect from their number a secretary, treasurer, and recorder; and shall have power to select all other officers and agents necessary to transact the business of said company.

"SEC. 5. It shall be the duty of the president of the company to superintend all the business of the company: he shall also sign all certificates, bills, vouchers, as well as all other papers and documents pertaining to the general business of the company, which shall be countersigned by the secretary.

"SEC. 6. It shall be the duty of the recorder to record in a fair and legible hand, all the general business transactions of the company, in good and sufficient books suitable for the purpose, which he shall procure at the expense of the company, and safely keep and preserve the same. He shall also make a faithful and accurate record of all donations to the Fund, of the names of persons donating, the amount, kind of property, etc., in books separate and apart from any other entries, and safely keep and preserve all the books and papers of the company, the said books being free to the inspection and examination of all persons interested.

SEC. 7. The president and assistants shall individually give a bond and security in a sum of not less than ten thousand dollars, to be approved by the First Presidency of said Church, and filed in the general Church recorder's office.

"SEC. 8. The secretary, treasurer and recorder and all other officers or agents appointed by the company, shall give bond and security to be approved by the president of the company, and filed in the company recorder's office; and all the company shall be responsible for the acts of all officers and agents so appointed.

"SEC. 9. There shall be a general settlement of all the business transactions of the company, so far as returns are received from abroad, as often as once in each year; and it shall be the duty of all the officers and agents, to make out correct returns of all their transactions, and deliver or transmit the same to the secretary of said company, on or before the first day of December in each year; and it shall be the duty of the president of the company to produce or exhibit a manifest of the same, and file it in the recorder's office; as also, a copy of the same, in the general Church recorder's office, as soon as practicable thereafter.

"SEC. 10. It shall be the duty of the treasurer to keep an accurate account of all money or property received and disbursed by him, and make returns as herein before directed.

"SEC. 11. The company being collectively responsible for their own officers and agents, shall have the power of substituting others in their places, or dismissing them or any of them, and it shall be the duty of all persons so superceded or dismissed, to pay over and to pass into the hands of their respective successors, or the company, all moneys, property, books, papers, accounts, of every name and nature belonging, or in any way pertaining to the business of said campany.

"SEC. 12. It shall be the duty of this company to appoint one or more of their number to travel on the business of the company, to procure wagons, cattle, mules, horses, etc., as shall be necessary for the purpose of the emigration of the poor; who shall also have the general direction of all matters and things pertaining to said emigration, while abroad; and he or they shall also make their annual returns, as hereinbefore directed.

"SEC. 13. The entire proceeds of this company shall inure to the Perpetual Emigrating Fund for the poor; whether arising from donations, insurance, deposits, exchange, increased value of property, or in any other way or manner whatsoever. And the general business of the company shall be devoted, under the direction and supervision of the First Presidency of said Church, to promote, facilitate, and accomplish the emigration of the poor.

"SEC. 14. The members of this company shall hold their offices at the pleasure of the conferences hereinbefore mentioned; but the First Presidency of said Church shall have the power to fill all vacancies that may occur by death, removal, or otherwise; and all such persons so appointed, shall qualify as hereinbefore directed, and hold the offices until superseded by an election.

"SEC. 15. No officer, agent, or member of the company, shall be permitted to retain in his hands any portion of the funds of the company, as compensation; but shall receive such remuneration as shall be awarded him or them upon settlement with the board of president and assistants.

"SEC. 16. All persons receiving assistance from the Perpetual Emigrating Fund for the poor, shall reimburse the same in labor or otherwise, as soon as their circumstances will admit.

"SEC. 17. The islands in the Great Salt Lake, known as Stansbury's Island and Antelope Island, are hereby reserved and appropriated for the exclusive use and benefit of said company, for the keeping of stock, etc."

At a special conference of the Church, held September 15th, 1850, Brigham Young was chosen president of the company; and Heber C. Kimball, Willard Richards, Newel K. Whitney, Orson Hyde, George A. Smith, Ezra T. Benson, Jedediah M. Grant, Daniel H. Wells,

Willard Snow, Edward Hunter, Daniel Spencer, Thomas Bullock, John Brown, William Crosby, Amasa M. Lyman, Charles C. Rich, Lorenzo D. Young, and Parley P. Pratt, assistants. The organization was completed by electing Willard Richards, secretary; Newel K. Whitney, treasurer; and Thomas Bullock, recorder. Newel K. Whitney died a few days later (September 23rd, 1850), and Daniel Spencer was elected treasurer in his stead. Apostles Orson Hyde, Orson Pratt, and Franklin D. Richards, and Elder John Brown were appointed traveling agents.

As the history of Church Emigration progresses, I shall have occasion to refer to the doings of the Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company repeatedly; but in this connection I will simply state that through its mediums tens of thousands of Latter-day Saints have been brought from the United States and distant lands to the Valleys of the Mountains, and that it continued its operations until the company was dissolved by the so-called Edmunds-Tucker law, which was passed by the United States Congress, and received by the President February 19th, 1887. It was not returned by him to the house of Congress in which it originated within the time prescribed by the Constitution of the United States, and it became a law without his approval. It went into effect March 3rd, 1887. Sections fifteen and sixteen of said act provide:

"That all laws of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah, or of the so-called government of the State of Deseret, creating, organizing, amending, or continuing the corporation or association called the Perpetual Emigration Fund Company, are hereby disapproved and annulled; and the said corporation, in so far as it may now have, or pretend to have, any legal existence, is hereby dissolved; and it shall not be lawful for the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah to create, organize, or in any manner recognize any such corporation or association, or to pass any law for the purpose of operating to accomplish the bringing of persons into the said Territory for any purpose whatever."

"That it shall be the duty of the Attorney-General of the United States to cause such proceedings to be taken in the Supreme Court of the Territory of Utah as shall be proper to carry into effect the provisions of the preceding section, and pay the debts, and to dispose of the property and assets of said corporation, according to law. Said property and assets, in excess of the debts, and the amount of any lawful claims established by the court against the same, *shall escheat* to the United States, and shall be taken, invested, and disposed of by the Secretary of the Interior under the direction of the President of the United States, for the benefit of common schools in said Territory." (Compiled Laws of Utah, published in 1888, Vol. I., page 118.)

Andrew Jenson.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

OF ALL holidays, fete or feast days, there are none which enter so fully into the popular heart, and stir so many of its higher sentiments, as does that almost universal favorite, Christmas Day.

The thoughts, customs, memories and anticipations that are linked with it, are bounded by antiquity nationally, and by childhood and old age individually; these embracing both religious and social life, it is surely a holiday of the very highest and brightest type.

Ostensibly the birthday of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, it was yet celebrated, held sacred, and was used by the Pagan and semi-civilized world for ages prior to the time of the angels, who, on the plains of Judea, announced the coming of the prophetic Shiloh, in the person of the babe of Bethlehem.

Christianity appropriated to itself in the transitional era of its history, many of the observances and days, not only of Pagan, but of almost all other people,

wherever a lodgment was found for any of its truths, or a welcome to any of its teachers or disciples.

That this day had in some latitudes an intimate relationship with natural phenomena, appears fairly clear; the fact that the shortest day occurs at or near this time, when the sun (as it were) is arrested in its southern flight, and turns again as the harbinger of spring, could not be over-looked by the Druids of ancient Britain, now England, or by the sun-worshippers of any land whose mystic rites and ceremonies were largely based upon an observance of nature as seen around them, and upon that grand procession of the heavens which, understood of the Patriarchs, had had wrapped around it the mysticism of priestly Egypt, and the still more heavily diluted superstitions of the unenlightened in the furthermost corners of the earth. That in a country like Britain—where Christianity secured so early and firm a foothold—much superstition, many quaint customs, and a good deal that is really attractive in this sacred yet festive season is perpetuated, can be easily understood; particularly where free from contact with those invaders, who, sweeping the little island from sea to sea, were yet unable to impose their habits, customs, traditions, or religion, upon the true Cymra or ancient Britons, who, in the fastnesses of their hills and mountains, held tenaciously to their own language, customs and traditions, and bade defiance to all assumption of conquest, whether claimed by the foreign invader or asserted by power of local chieftain or of any petty king.

That there was beyond, around, and after these a form of religion antedating Christianity, and running parallel with it long after its introduction on the island, we have the testimony of Stonehenge, that unique monument of ages gone, with its yet remaining Druidical circle of uplifted stones. These relics may help to fire the imagination, or give color to a thousand myths; fancy can bring back the white-robed priest, the solemn incantation, the ready sacrifice, the smoking altar, and the sacred mistletoe; although modern research may have been unable to trace their symbolism or their use; but in the ancient hamlets, the sleepy villages, in valleys distant from the seaboard, and amid the mountains, there lingers yet traces of the legends and traditions of a worshipping race, and the perfume of their sacrificial fires yet seems to float in the atmosphere of observance and rites, the meaning of which is lost to man forever.

To day, it is in just such secluded places, away from large cities mayhap, that we find these fragmentary remains of historic or prehistoric times; in the valleys of northern Yorkshire, blended with an earnest religious life, the aroma of antiquity is often strangely manifest. Religiously, Christmas is the day of days; the Sabbath is comparatively common although well kept; yet work admissable on the Sabbath would be censurable on the feast of the Nativity; and there are many aged men and women who would deem it a deadly sin to absent themselves from church, or to fail to partake of the sacrament on Good Friday and Christmas day, the reputed birthday and deathday of the great Nazarene; while absence all the year beside, though not considered altogether exemplary, is yet but venial by comparison. That was probably an undesirable rebound from the effusiveness of Catholic ornamentation and decoration of the House of God, which followed the so-called Reformation; for the Mother Church, with her love of ritualistic pomp and ceremony, had woven into her feast days some very pretty customs; her sacred edifices were, during Mary's Month, made fragrant through its entire round, with the floral votive offerings of her devotees; the richest exotics were the contributions of the wealthy, and the simplest perfumed blossoms were the free-will offerings of her poor; the sacred altar was embowered in bloom and fragrance, wherever from the roof to the altar steps, there was room for large or small.

So in the Episcopal Church, protest was the enemy of beauty in this form, yet for Christmas Day, at least, even she reserved that tribute of simple decorative art; thus glorifying beyond all others this

one day, the natal day of the Prince of Peace; and it is because of this that there swells up in the mind of the writer, as no doubt in the mind of untold thousands in every land beneath the sun, the memory of how those cold stone walls were warmed by wreaths and lines of glossy holly, glowing in every nook, twined round every pillar, climbing every arch, lighting up every pew, bringing out into green relief the long-used pulpit black with hoary age, the rustic chandeliers, the sacred altar rails and windows, and over the organ loft, where many a happy hour was spent, blazing out with wealth of scarlet berries, and making radiant the building, venerable, sacred, consecrated by ages of association with the family life of the locality, in marriages, births and deaths. Can it ever be forgotten, how, with mingled feelings of reverence, joy and peace, we rolled out from youthful lips and full hearts, that rare old canticle:

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!

Then, after the usual or special prayers, the grand old Litany, and the simple, yet timely discourse, we would hurry from the chill atmosphere of the building, into the crisp air, over the well-filled grave yard, back to home where Christmas dinner was waiting and for which we ourselves did wait.

In social life considerable preparation used to be made for the same great day; every custom of the past which offered an excuse for claim on Christmas gifts or bounty, was religiously begun at prescribed dates; in the dead of night you would hear the weird chant and scraping serenade of the violin from the "waits," who in parties of two or three would perambulate their line of streets, passing along with a "good morning, Mr. A," or "good morning, Mrs. A," "two o'clock and a frosty morning," or snowy, wet or blustering as the case might be, all preliminary to calling on the parties named on Christmas day or afterward, for the gift or Christmas box, never grudgingly bestowed.

The carpenter, wagon maker and wood-dealers generally, some time before the holidays, would cut up old trees, roots or heavy lumber into such sizes as constituted a *yule-log*, and these were distributed to all their customers and friends. The grocer would also address to his patrons the *Yule candle*. These were generally two or four to the pound, and were given or sent singly or in pairs, according to the estimated value of the receiver's trade. All artisans and mechanics left off work on Christmas Eve, and did not work again until day after New Year's day, or the Monday after, if this occured Sunday or Saturday; this interval was consumed in visiting, eating, and in certain sports and games which had come down from the Fathers from immemorial time!

There was in northern Yorkshire a special dish for Christmas Eve called "furmenty" or as corrupted "frumerty;" this was made from wheat, which after having been washed and soaked, then beaten in a sack until free from chaff, was sent for overnight-cooking to the public oven; or spent a day or, more in a large pipkin (or crock) in the home oven, there it became cooked, jellied and solid. Early in the evening the *yule-log* was put into the open fireplace, the black pot was swinging over it with its contents of "cree'd" wheat, which, when reduced with milk, flavored with allspice or nutmegs, sweetened with sugar, and a "leetle" brandy added, became "a dish fit for the gods."

When this was about ready, the table was set, the *yule candles* were lit with special ceremony, probably with a piece of last year's candle, and by the youngest child; then, "all hands were piped for supper;" *yule cake* and cheese were the accompaniments and generally mince pie; and so passed Christmas Eve, until probably some of the Juniors would want to go carol singing; which consisted in running from one friendly house to another, there standing in groups at the door, if cold, with chattering teeth and chilblains on the feet, but singing with might and main, such as the following:

While shepherds watch their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,

And glory shone around,
"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized each troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you, and all mankind!"
"To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line;
A Savior, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:
"The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed;
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands
And in a manger laid."
Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith,
Appeared a shining throng,
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed the joyful song:—
"All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace;
Good-will, henceforth from Heaven to men,
Begin and never cease!"

What wonderful enjoyment there was in this, even when it was nipping cold, particularly when a half-penny or penny, or a threepenny or fourpenny piece from the more wealthy rewarded our unmusical efforts to please; until people were retiring this would be continued, and then when off to bed, full of thoughts for the morrow's gifts, we would roll over to a restless sleep, partially induced, no doubt, by the ample and unusual supper.

About midnight the carol singers would be out, made up sometimes of a few mates or associates, at other times parts of a local choir; these were first heard likely, when at a distance, then gradually nearing, and then melting away, but always strange, always enjoyable, and always fresh; curled up, warm and snug, probably with the moonlight streaming into our little chamber, it would feel as if heaven, and God, and angels were nearer than was deemed. With the first streak of light, out we would roll, and away among personal friends, or at a stated hour to the homes of the gentry, crying at their doors, "I wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year; please, will you give me a Christmas box." This would echo and re-echo through the otherwise silent streets, until everyone was astir, breakfasts were in the air, the early church bells were ringing, the last known or expected giver had been seen, then we would hie to a quiet corner, count up our receipts, sit up (without eating) to breakfast, and then to peaceful church.

Probably an afternoon walk, where the frost music would crackle under the feet, out among the woodlands of the gentry, rousing the hare, partridge, or pheasant; past the sombre woods, or in the small plantations, gathering pine cones; looking at the stately homes of local magistrates, and away over an unclouded landscape, far from the dust and smoke of cities, with but the rush of the field-hare, the whirr of doves, the sweep of blackbirds, the bound of a rabbit, the crack of a gun the increasing cold, and more noisy crackling under the feet, and back to home, for roast beef and plum pudding—and such an appetite—as a fitting finale to a lovable Christmas day.

Now here, in the very phraseology of the season, are the evidences of its great antiquity; the word "yule" is said to be a corruption of the Welsh word *gwyl* or *wyl*, meaning "a holiday," and Christmas, in the same tongue, is known as *gwylia*, or literally, the holidays; so also the word carol is from the Welsh *car* or love, and *awl*, a panegyric. The song in Wales is called *carawl*, and they are sung to this day in some of the churches of the Principality early in the morning of Christmas day, to the accompaniment of the harp, as was done by the ancient bards. These churches are lit up for the singing, and are often crowded, but the custom is said to be dying out; it is certainly but a semblance of what it was when the Welsh had carols adapted to most of the ecclesiastical festivals, and the four seasons of the year; but save at Christmas, these have each become almost obsolete.

In Ireland, carols are still sung, but probably in the language of the church; in Scotland there is no such thing; the church feasts were all abolished in the days of Knox, and New Year's day becomes there the great holiday of the year.

With us, in Yorkshire, carol singing is in many places as vigorously sustained as of yore, and one of the fond remembrances of a late visit, consists in being waked from a perfect sleep to enjoy the

Methodist choir of the town singing that beautiful carol:

"Arise and hail the sacred day,
Cast all dull cares of life away,
And thought of meaner things;
This day, to heal thy deadly woes,
The Sun of Righteousness arose,
With healing in His wings."

Hardly had the melody died away upon the frozen air, before another, probably a rival group, would, from pleasant dreams, wake us with a sudden start, to listen to and enjoy that grand and stirring song:

"Christians, awake, salute the happy morn,
On which the Savior of the world was born."

As these reverberate now in the chambers of the memory, they bring back many peculiar thoughts, and an inward longing to hear them once again; failing this, to hope for their continued practice through the generations long to come.

That pleasant feature of Episcopal church decorations at Christmas, enjoyed in early life, is not now confined to them; the baldness of sectarian chapels which simply indicated a more vigorous protest than that urged by the State church, is passing away; color, beauty, adornment, internally and externally, of houses dedicated to religious exercises is no longer considered carnal, or as by the Quakers "of the devil." That this decoration with evergreens, while of pagan origin, and made near universal in the time of the Druids, had its meaning, there can be no doubt; we may smile at the idea of decking our houses with greenery so that sylvan spirits might repair thither during the frosts and winds of winter, but when the Catholics adoped the custom, and every parish and every home and even the conduits and standards in the streets were decked with holly and ivy, with laurel and bay, with myrtle and laurestinas, there was an educator in the love of beauty, and maybe in the beauty of love; and that there was some suggestive conscience in this decoration we find that the mistletoe has ever been excluded from edifices dedicated under the Christian faith. It had high distinction in the oaken groves of Druidical worship, it was a suggestive parasite and child of this sacred tree; but in later generations it was relegated to the kitchens of every lordly house, where with its pearl-like berries it became what we call a "kissing bush," every man chancing to capture a young lady under it, being privileged to kiss her, plucking a berry at each time of contact. In seeing the immense loads of this plant in the market places of Old England, I was reminded of much of the past, and concluded that mistletoe could not have been so abundant in the olden time when found on the oak or hazel, as now, when cultivated in the apple orchards of Herefordshire for the markets of the world.

In America also we for our great feast day, Thanksgiving, have made our national bird—the turkey; of which it was said that "they were indisputably born to be killed;" this is its destiny; but save in one or two southern counties of England they are comparatively scarce, and in the north by the masses are rarely seen or tasted. The famous sirloin of beef is the Christmas roast, and the plum pudding brought to table in the midst of burning brandy, is as common as turkey in our adopted land. The peasantry of "Hould Ingland" generally contrive to kill a pig about this particular season, and a good roast chine, stuffed with sage and onions, makes an enjoyable dinner, which some prefer to beef; and a cold roast spare rib is no undesirable *addenda* to breakfast even in the land of turkey and pie.

Probably there is too little recognition of this festival with us in Utah; we certainly do not give it much prominence religiously; it is a day for family reunion, for gifts and good wishes. We have injected into our social habits the German legend of our Santa Claus, all our children hang up their stockings, and we have become almost wasteful in our purchase of toys for their momentary gratification; still there is some compensation in producing a little happiness, which, after all, may be mainly excitement. Not unlikely we are a little Pharasaical in our assertions that Jesus was not born on Christmas day, but we do not honor what we call the true birthday by any particular demonstration; we remember our own, we re-

member our fathers and mothers, we have something special for our children in their turn and season; we make a holiday of Washington's birthday, although we do not celebrate it with religious rite; we remember President Young's birthday, we essay to make that a holiday, and the birthday of the Prophet of God never passes save with increasing recognition. It would be no great stretch, therefore, of religious sentiment, if in common with Christendom at large, a portion of some special day at least was given to a semi-sacred consideration of the life, character, work and results of the birth and death of one who "spake as never man spake," and who was declared to be, "God manifest in the flesh!" The world honors the birthday of its nobles, its royal monarchs find in these anniversaries an outlet for the patriotism and love of their subjects; cannot we do at least for Him, what we have done for mortals? and if, perchance, the day is all too long for service such as this, let us exercise the Christian spirit in imparting from our treasury that which will bless and comfort the weary and the sorrowing, that they may have faith in the angels and in their whisper of "peace on earth and good will to man," thus giving Christmas acts a Christmas memory, and foreshadowing a Happy New Year!

Henry W. Naisbitt.

CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

The scent of cedar fills the air,
And waxen tapers shed their light,
From household hearths the children, care
And sorrowing sadness put to flight;
The fire's fierce flames, now burning bright
About the Yule logs croaking, play—
And there is feasting and delight,
When kindly Christmas claims the day.

There's naught will with those times compare,
When childish joy is at its height;
When cheeks are rosy, faces fair,
And eyes like shining stars of night;
And laughing lips that know no blight,
Brim o'er with gracious greetings gay,
As gift by gift is brought to sight,
When kindly Christmas claims the day.

Each year will dim the radiance rare,
That Christmas day would once excite—
The heart, one weary morning wear
The cold of winter's withering white;
And youth's celestial sunshine slight,
Where only memory's slanting ray
The lonely, loveless lives bedight,
When kindly Christmas claims the day.

L'ENVOI.

So shun each grievance, great or slight,
Your heart to peace and pleasure plight;
Let joy, good-will, reign while it may,
When kindly Christmas claims the day.

G. L. B.

THE DUTY OF MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE as ordained to man is of divine origin, and may be considered as a divine institution. As such it is entitled to man's highest appreciation. But few there are, however, who recognize that relation or condition of life as a *duty*, or of any binding obligation upon the human race. It is usually considered as a matter entirely of choice, pleasure, like or dislike, of those who engage in it, and consequently is often entered into without regard to consequences. Under this condition of things no wonder it has became questionable as to whether marriage is not a failure. Attach to the marriage relation its true significance, and no such question can possibly arise; for the principle is of celestial origin, and was by express command made binding upon man before his fall, while in the purity and excellence of his creation he was in full favor with his Father, God. It could have been for no other purpose than his best good; in keeping with the highest purpose of his life, that he was commanded to multiply and replenish the earth, which was now his home, and over which was given to him dominion. This evidently was the great object of his mission to earth; it was his great duty, with the privilege of enjoying its fruits, restricted only in one, of which he was forbidden to eat.

In this divine appointment there could have been no failure anticipated. Man was created male and female for this very purpose, and the command was imperative that the purpose of the earth's creation might not fail. The Great Creator of the heavens and the earth has told many times what that purpose was. He said to Isaiah the Prophet: "Thus saith the Lord that created the heavens; God himself that formed the earth and made it, he created it not in vain, he formed it to be inhabited." This great work of filling the earth with inhabitants was not to be done by our first parents alone; the law of generation was to provide the means by which it was to be accomplished. This was the great labor assigned to man. It was a work in which all that came to earth were to participate and become like Him who is the spiritual father of all in the heavens above. Husband and wife, parents and children, is the order of celestial worlds, and the temporal—the earthly, is patterned after the spiritual—the heavenly.

How much the race has suffered by reason of death coming into the world, I will not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say, it is man's great enemy, by stopping, for a time at least, the work of his perpetual increase. Unquestionably the heavenly design was that every man in his time and turn should become a father, and every woman a mother, and all be included within the heavenly relation of parents and children, and all who fail of reaching this condition by entering into this relation, fail to fill the measure of their creation. Marriage as ordained of God to man, is not a failure, but all who fail to marry, fail in the highest duty of life, and in that which brings to man his greatest blessings, and to God his greatest glory. He said to Moses: "For this is my work and glory, to bring to pass the immortality, and eternal life of man."

It is especially in view of reaching a multitude of young people of Utah that I thus communicate through these columns, where many of the young people look for truthful and important information. To every young man in Israel, of proper age and condition, I would say, we live in a day of realities—a day when every man should do his duty. God, our Father, demands this of every one to whom a knowledge of the truth comes. He has declared it not good for man to live alone; it is neither good for the man, society, nor his country. Marry; devote your lives to making prosperous and happy homes, such only as can be found in the endearments of wife, mother and children; and for doing which, God and our country will eventually accord to you, the highest honor that doing duty brings.

The census of ten of the older States as reported for the year 1880, computes the female population to be two hundred and fifty-seven thousand eight hundred

and three, in excess of the male population. These have no possible opportunity of marriage, for the sufficient reason, that there are no men to marry them. Every man is supposed to have taken his one wife, and he must take no more.

In these same ten States there are three million, eight hundred and nineteen thousand five hundred and forty-six males over the age of twenty-one years; while there are but three million, one hundred and twenty-one thousand, eight hundred and fifty-seven families; showing that there is a large number of the male population who do not enter into the marriage relation at all. Those who do not marry amount to six hundred and ninety-seven thousand, six hundred and eighty-nine, which would place an equal number of females on the list of those who are virtually by law prohibited from marrying, swelling the number of those who are disfranchised, or disinherited by law of all marriage rights to the number of nine hundred and fifty-five thousand, four hundred and ninety-two.

The number of divorces, the many cases of disability among the males, together with the growing unpopularity of marriage during the last ten years in these same States, has, no doubt, very largely increased the number, so that now we have more than one million of female outcasts, or marriageable outlaws, in those states alone. I will not say that this is an intolerable, a most unwarranted invasion of woman's most sacred rights, but I may say it is no wonder that women are demanding the franchise, which might possibly enable them to defend those rights which are dear to them as life. This condition of society exists in Utah as relates to the Saints, perhaps, more extensively than in many other places. Various causes contribute to this end. Those of the Saints who have been gathered to Zion, demonstrate the fact that women are more ready to receive Gospel truths, more susceptible of divine influences, and more easily inspired to accept of God's appointments to His children, than men are. This, with other causes tended to encourage an excess of female population, which was provided for in God's way, by authorizing plural marriage among His people, that there need be no excuse for any of them, for not keeping the law of marriage and thereby honorably filling the measure of their creation as required of man from the beginning. This law, like all others of divine origin, was for the redemption of the people from an evil condition, but subject to their acceptance or rejection. The agency of man to choose or reject is never violated. It is the exercise of this agency that determines the rewards and punishments which must follow his acts.

Our government determined to oppose this policy, and enacted a law with penalties against those who had recognized and accepted it; to which law the people have conformed.

This renders it more necessary, if possible, that the young men in Utah should promply come to the rescue of society, by doing all in their power, under the law, to make happy homes, good citizens, and fill the land with a generation of children worthy of their sires, in all of which the daughters of Zion will cheerfully be your participants and co-workers, and make you fathers entitled to the highest royalty on earth, and the patriarchal powers of the celestial ones on high.

To fathers who have sons, I would say, do all in your power to encourage and aid them in their worthy endeavors to extend your kingdom into principalities and powers, which are God-like and eternal. Let no barriers exist to impede their progress in this direction that you have power to remove, and let them be assured that heaven's smile of prosperity upon them will be greater than your beneficence possibly can be.

In all this wise provision of our heavenly Father, the woman's happiness is equally considered with the man's glory. They are inseparably connected; the covenant and union are not of man; they come from and partake of the nature of Gods, are for all men in all time and for all eternity. It is a holy and celestial order through which alone celestial glory and happiness can be secured.

Let no young man in Israel be so

reckless of his future as to willingly shun the responsibilities of family life. A Scriptural truth, written by a wise man of actual experience, declares that he that findeth a wife, "obtaineth favor of the Lord." This fact of itself should be enough to induce every honest young man to seek the holy alliance that secures divine favor. Marriage, as ordained of God, is honorable in all, and is for all. It is the legitimate way of acquiring rule over others. One's own children constitute his kingdom and dominion; are his passport to thrones, principalities and endless life. Marriage is a law of man's being, and should by him be observed. The transgression of that law is a most corrupting sin, a perversion of man's nature that will bring to him cursing; while an observance of it will bring peace, happiness and contentment. It is in fact, the all-important, the highest and holiest duty man owes to himself, his country and his God.

Duty implies obligation, and obligation, when honored, demands works, and works performed are entitled to rewards, which, with freedom from obligation, brings to man his highest condition of liberty and blessing. This condition is only reached in the marriage union, from which springs all that is of humanity; the legitimate union of the spiritual with the temporal, as realized in the fruits of that union, by which the attributes and powers of the two are transmitted to the generation following.

Through the principle of marriage the earth has been peopled, the race perpetuated, and incidents occurred worthy the notice of the highest development of intelligent beings, who have decreed that humanity, like truth, shall triumph by virture of a Redeemer, and be exalted to the infinite as the result of doing duty, by which every blessing comes.

Duty always implies the *right*; never *wrong*. No wrong act, no lie or wicked word, no evil thought was ever prompted or approved by sense of duty; but blessing, happiness, and the peace of an approving conscience follow in duty's path, and are as closely and surely allied as cause and effect; a law infinitely wise and unchangeable.

S. W. Richards.

THE CURSE OF ADAR.

This the true tale as spake Ben-Adan-og,
Of Jairus, ruler of the synagogue.

Not always the great city's noise and strife
Had known the days of Jairus; his young life,
In years before the tides of chance had laid
His fate upon the busy shore that made
His scene of action where Imperial Rome
Hampered the race of Israel from her home,
Passing from lease of childhood's silver years,
Sighted the goal of manhood's larger spheres,
In a brown valley, sunk amid the hills,
From whose white peaks the wind picks up and spills
Freshness and vigor o'er the plains that see,
Southward, a glimpse of pearl-foamed Galilee.

Here first within the valley's quiet shade,
Jairus had loved a dark-eyed Jewish maid,
Lithe as breeze-bended palm-stems, straight and tall,
And stately in her lineage' prideful thrall,
(Her blood the purest of Ab-El-dar's springs),
As some proud princess, born of lines of kings.
This dark-tressed Adar, from whose ancient race
Prophets had sprung, and left their fateful trace

In scorching letters of the written Law,
Aflame with judgments. Not one record saw
The tone of wills irresolute or pale,
Or showed the current of such lives as fail
Upon the shallows of light thought
And purpose—and the unbroken strain had wrought,
In Adar's nature, marking forceful lines—
Such as but love alone—the sun that shines,
Sowing soft shadows where the land gleams sere—
Could curve or soften; and its light drawn near
With Jairus' coming, limned the sinuous shape
Of traits, curved, silken, like the leaves that drape
The limbs of oak trees. Jairus, in the charm
Of this strong nature, now grown soft and warm
With sudden tenderness, had found a spell
Which knew some kindred force of spirit well.
And thus, with Adar in the sweet rose-smile
Of youth's first passion, passed a care-free while;
Girt safe about with that pale golden haze
Which floats around the land of love's new days,
Till through the cadence struck a jarring hour—
Bringing to Jairus' life the stronger power
Of a new love. A white-fleshed, gold-tressed girl
Flashed in his life, as oft a stream of pearl,
With gleaming foam-beads, crosses the bold way
Of some rough mountain slope; and with her lay
That spell more potent than the gleam of hair,
The flash of eyes, and charm that makes face fair—
That soft, pure sweetness which, in spring's pale blooms,
Makes truest picture. Brushing 'gainst the glooms
Of Jairus' forceful nature, hers had found
Its counterpart in opposites, and, round
The strong, bold, steady nature born in him,
Clung like a tendril; and as some strong limb
Reaches its twining branches to the clasp
Of outstretched fibers—in his love's strong grasp
Jairus had held her, lifting her above
All other claimants—queen of all his love!
And Adar's spell, wrought by some power of will
Or gust of passion, at a breath was still.
And she, soon glimpsing at the hateful truth,
First faintly, then in all—with tragic ruth—
When love and hope and light of life lay all
Frozen beneath this sorrow's purple pall,
Had centered all her wilful hate—and worse—
Her race's gift of portent in a curse.
Her woman's instinct glancing at the springs,
Which unto love its brightest halo brings,
Sped the prophetic darts beneath their course,
And poisoned the sweet fountain at its source:

"As thou hast meted, so thy life shall kneel
To every sharpest pang a soul can feel;
All the new hopes that bloom, and loves that yearn,
Into thy bosom some new woe shall burn.
Fair children on thy breast an hour shall lie,
To gild thy future with false hopes, and die.
Fame shall be thine, and power, and wealth, and leave
Not one ambition in thy heart to weave.
New hopes and interests then thy life shall know,

The grief of griefs—the unutterable woe
Of hearts left desolate; bereft of hope,
And lonely in thy withered age to grope,
Childless and loveless, through the ashen years—
Thy blessings, bitter thoughts; thy comfort, tears."

With clouds of wrongs and steel-flashed prophecies,
Glassing their purple tempest in her eyes,
Thus Adar spoke, yet Jairus scarce had heard,
Save for the pity in his bosom stirred,
To see her thus deep-stricken. When, at last,
With fair Ascenath as his bride, he passed
Out of the valley to the city's stir,
In search of fortune, every thought of her
Had dimmed or faded. So a year had gone,
Bringing him place and honor; and upon
The knee of loved Ascenath a fair child—
The dark-lashed boy, who with her dreamed and smiled.

So love lived rose-bound, wreathing hope with cheer,
Till, in the pink flush of a new-waked year,
The child-bud faded suddenly, and dropped,
Petal by petal, the sweet blooms that propped
The pure soul's tiny life-shape, and so fell
Under that frost of death, whose cold mists swell
The plague of sorrow. At its touch the two
Sunk stricken, hope and joy pierced deadly through.
All the sweet rose-flush of their former days
Touched dark, and clouded by the purple haze
Of their great sorrow. So, till lagging time
Brought a new gift; and if the lost one's rhyme
Found true expression in the soul and form
Of this new child-bloom, health-thrilled, tinted, warm,
So in the measure of its fate, the theme
Ran parallel, like a repeated dream.
And Jairus and Ascenath, drooping low,
Fell at the purple feet of this new woe,
With only hopeless scorn, and tears to meet
The wealth of joys that made life else complete.

Then Jairus, wakened—with the poisoned tooth
Of memory gnawing—dimly grasped the truth;
And in the vigils of the star-kissed nights,
When sweet Ascenath dreamed—in the blue heights
With her lost children—saw with vivid trace,
Against the darkness, Adar's baleful face,
And white lips hissing. So the days went past,
Each threatening some worse sorrow than the last.
And when the stealthy balm of two slow years
Had whitened the red wound of their slow tears,
And on Ascenath's bosom lay once more
A tiny blossom, still his dark thought bore
The memory of Adar's words of dread—
Waking each morn with fear, lest that dark tread,
Of fate foretold, had sounded at his gate,
And his fond arms once more left desolate.

This last new flower, laid upon his breast,
A stronger love awakened than the rest;
For in its likeness, Jairus, proud, could see
Ascenath's image; tracing tenderly

The sun-gilt hair, the violet, wide eyes
Revealing dim the soul's white mysteries;
And as the swift years passed her, one by one,
Leaving the word of Adar's hate undone,
Jairus had hope that, through the grace of heaven,
The final victim to her hate were given.

But when the idoled daughter shyly stood,
Close to the purple mists of womanhood,
The shadow, long forgotten, spread its wings—
Brooded about her, and with whisperings
Of those old vows of terror, drew her breath,
With steady pulsings, slowly back towards death.

Then Jairus, stricken with a woe too deep
For hope or comfort, felt his pulses sweep
With floods of hatred—deeps of unbelief
Surged in his soul, and in his maddened grief
The names of Adar and his God were called
As things of equal venom—and appalled,
Ascenath and the others, listening, feared,
Lest soul, as well as reason, should be seared.
Then, crazed with grief, as Jairus weeping, raved,
One, all the rest with silent gesture waved,
Backward about her, saying—"Jairus, lord,
One hope alone remaineth—at thy word
Thy daughter may be saved. 'Tis rumored here
That the man, Jesus, was this moment near—
He that hath worked the miracles. He bids
Sickness to cease; the light of long-sealed lids
To open, and 'tis done." Breathlessly heard
The fateful message. With one whispered word
Of hope and prayer, Jairus, distracted, passed
Through the still portal, where the guide led fast,
Amid the clamors of the thronging street,
Through wondering groups—and at the Master's feet
Fell tearful, praying. Scarce his shadow fled
The marble pillars, than from the low bed,
Within hushed curtains, a short, stifled breath
Fluttered the stillness in the room, and Death,
Once more triumphant, waved his banners through
Blue mists of tears, and heart drop's crimson dew.
Then one, with weeping, unto Jairus bore
The hateful tidings; and he, stricken sore,
Unheedful of the Master's propheey,
With sense alone of Adar's dread decree,
Turned with bowed head, and passed into the room,
Whose hush and shadow told the tale of doom.

Then Jairus, pressing to his heart the shape
That his dark thought saw ghostly cerements drape,
Prayed that death, too, might end his bitter days,
Thus cursed and hopeless—heeding not the gaze
Of those about him, till one by him said:
"List to the Master." Lifting up his head,
Jairus made answer, plaintively, "Too late;"
And more had said, had not the power great
Of the majestic form, the mild, sweet face,
Held him, and calmed him into some strange grace
Of peace and hopefulness. "Maiden, arise!"
The vivid flash of life in death closed eyes—

The swift, strong motion of the pulseless form,
And blissful beating of her young heart, warm
Against his own, and Jairus knew the hour
Of judgment sounded for fierce Adar's power.
Thus the dark curse was lifted, and was sworn
The word of Him, who, on that silver morn,
The bright star heralded. "There shall be peace;
All seed of hate and evil now to cease."
This the great message of His birth, and round
Where its light shineth there is holy ground.
And Jairus, walking in its radiance, saw
The crimson letters of the hate-born law
Melt into vapor, and the Word of Life
Change into joy the grief, in peace the strife.

Josephine Spencer.

GOD'S VENGEANCE.

A Reminiscence of Greystone Gulch.

BY ENOD DRALLIW.

CHAPTER I.

FRIENDS AND RIVALS.

In the fourth decade of the present century Edward Gainesford and Dalton Morely were firm friends. Both had been reared in Mayland, a New England village; received their tuition in the same school; pursued the same amusements during their short vacations; and their pursuits possessed many points of striking similarity. If there was a likeness of pursuits, however, there was none of person or of character, and in them was verified the maxim that contraries attract. Gainesford was tall and slender, with clear, grey eyes and light brown locks. Morely, on the contrary, was somewhat short, of much firmer build, with hair and eye of deepest jet. Each was handsome, but the two were of as widely divergent types as will often be found in representatives of the same people.

Nor were their natures less divergent than their looks. Always revengeful and often sullen, Morely met with mistrust on every hand. Lack of success (and success was rarely his companion) only tended to confirm him in his gloomy views of mankind, and thus was mistrust towards him deepened Gainesford, ever bright and cheerful, won friends among all classes, and success found in him a more genial, and hence a more successful suitor.

And what one is there among us that cannot, if he will, trace the greater part of his misfortunes to a lack of sympathy with his fellow-men? You will seldom find your free and easy, good natured man wanting in the attainment of his object. It is the morose, the gloomy, the sullen person who sees his ambitious prospects fading, his sought-for ends ungained. It may possibly be that the latter class of individuals cannot rest easy with attainments capable of satiating those of more equable temper; but it is often the case that a dearth of fellow-feeling in the heart of such a one tends to bring about his misfortunes.

At any rate, it was so with Morely. Even when he and Gainesford strove for excellence in their boyish sports and their school work, the cynicism of Morely deterred him from its attainment, while the joyous and sunny disposition of Gainesford materially assisted him to pre-eminence over his friend. Thus it happened that Gainesford won the prize from his companion at the close of their graduating course; the two young men

returned to their native village, Gainesford elated over his success, while Morely viewed with gathering frown, the welcome accorded to his friend.

"Well, Dalt," cheerily called old Mr. Gainesford on the day following the students' return home: "I didn't see you at Ed's party last evening. The younkers said you had been invited, but had somewhat bluntly refused to come. What's up, my boy? Envy of your old friend's success? Come, come, such feelings are unworthy of you. Pluck up courage; make an effort; win the esteem of your companions, as I am proud to say Ed has done, and you will find a thousand incentives to exertion where you now find none."

Whatever good effect this excellent advice may have had on young Morely at the time of its utterance, such effect was transitory, for his avoidance of Edward's company continued from that time forth. But thrice did Dalton Morely see Edward Gainesford afterward, and those meetings occurred under most dramatic circumstances.

A few weeks after his return from college, Morely had met a young woman of a neighboring state, just then visiting relatives in Mayland. Alice Mailton was a girl of singular grace of form, and beauty of face. Description would fail to convey to the mind an idea of her appearance. She was light hearted, blithe, and happy at all times. The very contrast in their natures awakened the feeling of love in the heart of Morely, and at first she did not seem averse to him. She accepted his escort to the country balls, and other social gatherings. Moonlight walks and drives became common, and rumor whispered of engagement.

In the meantime Gainesford had been visiting one of his old haunts in the White Mountains, and did not return home until late in the autumn. The young people of the village, apprised of his expected arrival, gathered at his home to bid him welcome. Miss Mailton was one of the merry company—Dalton Morely was not. Many wondered at this, but none had witnessed the scene which had passed between the two just previous to the time of assembling. They had met on the path bordering a small stream on the outskirts of the village, and Dalton had asked her to accompany him that evening in a somewhat extended drive, hinting that something of interest to both might be spoken in its progress.

"I would gladly do so," answered Alice, "but I have already promised Rose Gainesford to be present at her brother's party."

A shadow crossed the dark face of Dalton: "Do you know this Gainesford?" he asked in a constrained tone.

"I have not that honor," replied the girl, "but I have heard that he and you are fast friends, and I certainly thought you would also be there."

"Yes," said Dalton bitterly, "we were fast friends; schoolmates together, and companions in our sports, we felt a bond of friendship such as it has rarely been given to boys to feel. But all this is changed!" His manner became wild, and the girl thought she perceived almost an insane gleam in his eyes, but it was momentary. "All this is changed!" he repeated slowly, "and we are no longer friends. He has ever opposed and outrivaled me. The prizes and the advancements I had hoped to win would have been mine but for him. The bond of association between us is broken—do not ask me to renew it!"

The tone in which he spoke added materially to the girl's astonishment.

"I am surprised at this," she said thoughtfully; "I had desired to meet and know one who seems so general a favorite with the people of the village."

"For my sake," said the young man, trembling with deepest emotion, "do not go there. Alice, I love you! Never before has so bright a vision come to me. Never before has my soul been awakened with such joyous anticipations. I believe you are not averse to me. Alice, I beg of you, do not go. Something tells me that he who has been my Nemesis in all else will be my scourge with you."

The vehemence with which he spoke startled and confused his companion. "I had not thought—you surprise me—

Oh, Mr. Morely, what have I done to be so addressed?"

"You have done this," half hissed the man, "you have awakened within me the deepest feeling man knows. I, who never loved before, love you with all the fervor of my soul! Oh say you do not hate me!"—the last uttered in a tone of pleading.

"Mr. Morely, I do not hate you; you have been one of my best friends during the few weeks I have known you. But I do not care enough for you to give you hope."

"But you may learn to love me?"

"That I cannot tell."

"But you will try?"

"I will never try to hate you."

"Then promise that you will not go to Gainesford's to-night; you are too nearly mine to be thus lost to me!"

"Is this Edward Gainesford so irresistible, that all young ladies fall in love with him at first sight?" asked the girl in a bantering tone.

"He is irresistible!" answered the young man; and his tone of sadness brought tears to the eyes of his listener. "You weep for me, Alice; again I ask you to give me this promise, that you shun Edward Gainesford until you have learned to love me, even as I love you."

But the girl shook her head. "If I gave this promise it would be a confession that I love you now. That would not be true, Mr. Morely. Do not ask me to give the lie to my own feelings, even to save yours."

"Then you persist in your intention?"

"I do."

"Will nothing turn you?"

"That I cannot say; nothing you have yet said will turn me."

A look of intense pain, mingled with a dangerous frown, told the feelings stirring in Morely's breast when Miss Mailton spoke.

"Then may God forgive me, as I forgive you, for what follows!" he muttered in an undertone, and walked rapidly away, leaving the girl in a condition of stupefied astonishment.

"Forgive him—forgive me"—she murmured; "what does it mean? what will he do?" She stood a few moments, head bowed, and hands clasped; then, shaking off her fears, she repaired to Gainesford's house.

The sequel of that evening's events is soon told. Edward Gainesford and Alice Mailton met—and Dalton Morely's fate was sealed! An engagement followed within a year, and the wedding-day was fixed.

The first of the meetings between the former friends, to which reference has already been made, occurred on the day previous to that set for the wedding. Gainesford was walking with his affianced bride near the scene of her conversation with Morley, which she was for the first time relating to her lover. Both were startled at seeing the subject of their converse suddenly appear before them. A demoniacal scowl sat upon his brow, and then was the suspicion half-formed in Miss Mailton's mind, substantiated—they faced a madman!

"At last!" he cried, with gnashing teeth. "At last have my worst fears been realized! Alice Mailton, but one hope remains; renounce your allegiance to this man, this demon in human form, and fly with me. Fair warning do I give; unless you grant my request, his blood and yours will be on your head!"

The gleam of demoniacal hate in his eyes caused the girl to quail for a moment with mortal fear. But she soon regained her self-possession, and raising herself to her full height, she looked upon him with fearless and flashing eyes.

"Your threats return to you empty and void, Dalton Morely," she briefly replied. "What I have done I have no wish to alter."

"You still refuse my suit?"

"With firmest resolve!"

A gleam, a flash, a report, and Edward Gainesford fell, grievously wounded, in Alice Mailton's arms. With a bitter and despairing cry, such as Cain must have uttered when he saw his brother's prostrate form, his blood calling on God for vengeance, Dalton Morely turned and fled!

(To be continued.)

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

JUNIUS F. WELLS, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER, 1891.

CHRISTMAS, 1891.

WHETHER Christmas is Christmas, is a question. That is, it is doubtful if the twenty-fifth day of December is the anniversary of Messiah's birth. But, if questionable as a matter of fact, that date is the one which tradition has fixed upon as being the day when that most amiable and most sublime of characters came into this world; and if it stands not on fact, it is now hallowed by custom, and it will require a remarkable revolution to shift the date. It is a social institution, no less than a religious observance. It is sanctified by the happiness of innocent childhood, and even the merriment of old age. It is made holy by charitable deeds on the part of the rich, and the gratitude of the poor whom their charity blesses. In our clime it is a hearthstone festival. There being nothing without to attract the attention, we have all the better opportunity to enjoy the fireside pleasures, the blazing fire, the evening lamp, the family reunion, the association of friends, which Christmas brings to us. Moreover, the festival comes at a season of the year with us when men have most time for indulging in these pleasures. The ingathering of the year has been completed. Barn and storehouse are full, and preparations made for another harvest. The earth having yielded up its treasures to the husbandman, through the channels of trade and commerce, a due proportion reaches the hands of those engaged in other occupations of life; and it is fitting that the bounteous year should be crowned by a feast in honor of Him who, under the direction of the Father, created the earth, and who gives to it light and life, and, what is more precious, hath planted in our hearts the hope of eternal felicity.

But there are especial reasons why the present should be an exceptionally happy Christmas to the Saints. For several years the Church of Christ has passed through a trying ordeal—a severe persecution. Families have been disrupted by what history will yet call a cruel administration of oppressive laws. Parts of families have been driven into exile, the fathers in other instances have been cast into prison, not for crime, but for conscience sake, and among them were men held in high esteem by the whole community, whose incarceration was a matter of public regret. Under such circumstances it is difficult for a community such as the Latter-day Saints to partake of that spirit of joyous happiness which we have learned to associate with Christmas time. Nor is it consistent for the Saints, when sorrow finds its way to the fireside of so many families, to give full sway to merriment. The spirit of their holy religion is repugnant to that. It teaches, on the contrary, that they weep with those who weep, and that when one member suffers, all the members suffer with it.

The times, however, are changing. We are having a respite from the furious storm of persecution which has swept over the Church during the last eight or nine years. The Lord, as He promised He would do (Doc. and Cov. Sec. 124), is visiting and softening the hearts of many of those who have persecuted the Church of Christ; and the Saints are finding grace in the hearts of those who at one time knew nothing but bitterness and wrath towards them. Prison walls enclose but very few of the brotherhood. The exiles have returned, and family associations are so adjusted that virtuous wives and innocent children no longer flee in fear from their homes; and though deprived of the full and free association of fathers, they nevertheless are watched over, and their temporal wants supplied by the anxious solicitude of those who gave them beings. This change will affect the Christmas festivities in the year of grace 1891; and many a home where sorrow instead of merriment has taken up his abode during the past few years on Christmas, will this year, on that festive occasion, resound with joy and gladness.

YEARNING.

The Christmas hearth is cheerful as we sit before its blaze,
But our hearts, my love, are tearful, while we dream of other days;
For our own dear, precious jewels, fill our hearts so full of care,
That the Christ-child seems forgotten, though our souls are full of pray'r.

'Tis not many years, my darling, since around our knees they clung
In a rosy, nestling cluster, while around our home there hung
Such an air of love and sunshine, beaming joy and scented flow'rs,
That we could not dream, my darling, this lone Christmas should be ours.

Each one came with rain-bow garlands, bringing joy and love divine,
Each has found a home undying in our hearts' most sacred shrine.
Some bowed low to Christ's sweet blessing as He softly bade them come,
And their sainted hands have led us though with grief our lips were dumb.

Some are toiling, weary, careworn, o'er the thorny road of pain,
And our girls are treading, dearest, but your own hard path again;
Ah, we know not how the tempest beats around our lambs to-night,
But we trust that He who sent them will give strength to guide them right.

We have loved and prayed together; all our efforts have been one,
Looking for a happy evening at the setting of the sun.
You have toiled to bless the darlings and, dear wife, I've never known
Hands more faithful, true and tender than these clasped within mine own.

We have braved the gale together; both have bowed beneath the blast;
We have prayed and toiled together with a hope for peace at last;
But the darkness seemed to thicken when the last dear child was flown,
And we knew not if we ever should again possess our own.

But I clasp you close, my treasure, and thank God that you are left,
That of all the joys and blessings I am saddened and bereft,
You are spared to light my evening with the pure love of your eyes,
That we still may drift together to our home in yonder skies.

Weep your grief out on my bosom where you've wept so oft before,
While our humble pray'rs call blessings on our lov'd ones o'er and o'er;
Surely, He who gave, not lent it, will restore the priceless gem,
And 'twill be our joy to find them in His regal diadem.

We are drifting down the valley; see how long the shadows grow;
Soon the light shall all have faded in the gloomy vale below;
When we rise on wings of glory we shall find the light of love,
Found so dear, was only borrowed from a brighter source above.

And another day shall dawn, dear, with our tears all wiped away,
When our circle, all unbroken, from our sides shall never stray;
When our hearts no more shall miss them as around the hearth we grieve,
For 'twill be the rich fruition of our Savior's Christmas Eve.

Ruby Lamont.

GENERAL M. I. FUND CREATED.

To the Officers and Members of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations Throughout the World:

DEAR BRETHREN:—Recognizing the great importance of this organization, and fully appreciating the efforts made by those having the spirit of the work at heart, and desiring most earnestly to make continuous, in the spirit of its planning, the effective work of mutual education now in progress among our people; and, furthermore, sensing the magnitude of this educational force, and knowing that membership is a blessing and a privilege priceless in character, although not yet fully valued and by

many not yet comprehended, we believe it will be apparent to all that to make the organization still more effective in a truly educational sense, some material support at this stage of its history is a practical necessity.

It is, therefore, desired that each member contribute fifty cents a year; thus establishing a general Mutual Improvement fund, which will provide for the publication and free distribution of the new Roll and Record book, and uniform report blanks. The Roll and Record book has been prepared under our direction by the committee compiling the Manual. It provides for (1) individual credit of attendance and exercises; (2) general summary of all work done; (3) a complete ward report; (4) a visitors' register; and its use is essential to the progress of each association.

This fund will also provide for expenses of other incidental publications, and special educational work among the associations, which, as you readily now see, is indispensable.

We feel assured that if the matter is laid before the members in the true spirit of *Mutual Improvement* it will not only be heartily responded to, but be an immediate and continuous means of increasing and maintaining a still greater interest in the noble work.

All funds should be sent, with names of donors accompanying, direct to the General Treasurer, Wm. S. Burton, Salt Lake City, Utah, who will send a printed receipt to each individual for the amount of his donation, and also give each individual credit on the general record.

Your brethren and co-laborers in the cause of Mutual Improvement,

Wilford Woodruff,
Joseph F. Smith,
Moses Thatcher.

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Nov. 14th, 1891.

M. I. EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

THIS system provides for a course of instruction upon a basis entirely peculiar to the needs of the young men of Zion; and, therefore, is not as some may suppose, as imitation of any system. It was instituted by the Prophet Brigham Young as an aid for the true education of the young men.

Its basic studies are THEOLOGY, HISTORY, SCIENCE, and LITERATURE, upon which the most perfect superstructure of general and special knowledge can be built. Its divine origin, organization, saving and elevating character, place it under the direction of and auxiliary to the Priesthood.

The special features of this system are indicated in the Manual, Part One. And we wish to state in this connection that in its compilation we have endeavored to maintain that scrupulous regard for the practical requirements of the associations, and a conscientious adherence to the underlying principles of this great organization, that the nature, gravity, and relation of the work demand.

The object of this Manual, Part I., is to aid the officers and guide the members through the first *twenty-five lessons*, or *one year* of a systematic, progressive, *four years'*, or *one hundred lesson course* in each of the four basic studies named.

The course is divided into one hundred lessons, in its principal subdivisions, because the subject matter can not well be given in a less number; and the time is divided into four years, because each year of eight months affords time only for about twenty-five weekly meetings, aside from the monthly joint meetings.

Its object is not only to direct the young men in *what* and *how* to study, but also to create a desire for knowledge and to form the habit of obtaining it by divinely directed self-effort.

This Part I. is to be followed (not superseded), next year, by Part II, containing outline work and instructions for second year's course. Part II. will be followed by Part III, providing for third year's work; and Part III. followed by Part IV, which furnishes matter for the

completion of the course. Each part begins where the preceding ends, thus forming a connected, progressive, related scheme of study, supplying the wants of and within the reach of all our young men.

It is designed that these four parts, after being tested by practical application, will be revised and bound as a complete M. I. Manual or hand-book for a full four years' course of study.

The standard Church works are used throughout the entire course besides the regular M. I. text books, four books, corresponding to the four years—namely; THEOLOGY, four books; HISTORY, four books; SCIENCE, four books; and LITERATURE, four books; and including special courses in the science of civil government, music, and other desired branches.

To complete this course in the spirit of its planning, the following general steps are necessary:

1. Members must be provided with books.

2 Officers must program and assign the work.

3. Members must prepare by home-reading, conversation, and questions.

4. Regular separate weekly meetings, in comfortable rooms, and under proper management, must be held.

5. Special or advanced classes, where facilities warrant, must be conducted in relation *with* the association proper.

6. Monthly joint meetings must be provided for.

7. Proper interest must be awakened and maintained by officers' meetings, local and general conferences.

8. Results must be shown by proper records and reports.

Milton H. Hardy,
Geo. H. Brimhall,
Committee on Compilation.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE NEXT JUNE CONTEST.—In the January number we shall present the full program for the great June contest, at which $1,000 in cash prizes will be given to successful competitors. This contest will not be limited to vocalists, but will include instrumentalists as well, and an opportunity will be presented to singing clubs, soloists and bands to enter into the greatest contest ever contemplated in this city.

"THE JOYFUL STORY," a beautiful Christmas Service, by Dr. J. B. Herbert, consisting of choruses, recitations, responsive exercises, quartettes and solos, has just been issued by the S. Brainard's Sons Co., Chicago. The words are set to bright and pleasing music.

VERDI AND THE CRITICS.—It is said that when Verdi was putting the finishing touches to "Il Trovatore," one of the ablest critics of the day called and was permitted to look through the score. "What do you think of that?" asked Verdi, pointing to the "Anvil chorus." "Trash," said the connoisseur. The master rubbed his hands and chuckled. "Now look at this, and this," said he. "Rubbish," reiterated the critic, rolling a cigarette. The composer rose and embraced him joyfully. "What do you mean?" asked the critic. "My dear friend," cried Verdi, "I have been making a popular opera. In it I resolved to please everybody except the great judges, the classicists, as yourself. Had I pleased you, I should have pleased no one else. What you say assures me of success. In three months 'Il Trovatore' will be sung and roared and whistled all over Italy."

The Logan Choral Society was organized in October last, over three hundred enthusiastic persons being present. The following officers were elected: Alex. Lewis, president and musical director; Geo. W. Thatcher, Jr., assistant director; Jesse Martineau, secretary; Mrs. C. I. Goodwin, organist; L. R. Martineau, Joseph Morrell, E. W. Green, W. S. Lamereaux, Joseph Adams, J. M. Wilson, R. C. Easton, executive board. It was understood that the society would take part in the next Festival in Salt Lake City, and a program of rehearsals was arranged with that end in view.

ZION PROSPERS.

QUARTETTE.

ELIZA R. SNOW. SCHULTZ.

Andante

p

1st and 2nd Tenor.

1. O a - wake my slum - b'ring min - strel—
2 Strike a chord un - known to sad - ness,
3 Zi - on's wel - fare is my por - tion,
4 Zi - on, lo! thy day is dawn - ing,

1st and 2nd Bass.

Let my harp for - get its spell; Say, O
Strike and let its num - bers tell, In ce-
And I feel my bos - om swell With a
Through the dark - ness shad - ows swell; Faith and

mf

say, in sweet - est ac - cents, Zi - on pros - pers!
les - tial tones of glad - ness, Zi - on pros - pers!
warm, di - vine e - mo - tion, When she pros - pers:
hope pre - lude the morn - ing,— Thou art pros - p'ring:

dim. *cres.* *dim.*

all is well Zi - on pros - pers! all
all is well. Zi - on pros - pers! all
all is well. When she pros - pers: all
all is well. Thou art pros - p'ring: all

pp

is well: All is well.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

ESTABLISHED 1879.

VOLUME XIII.

AT the conclusion of the Twelfth Volume of THE CONTRIBUTOR (which is now bound and ready for delivery), its publishers extend thanks to the people for their extensive patronage, and take pleasure in announcing some of the new features to be introduced in early numbers and to be followed as rapidly as possible by others, which will not only maintain for the magazine its enviable reputation as the leading magazine of home literature, but secure for it a prominent place among the enterprising first-class literary magazines of the country.

Columbus and the Discovery and Peopling of America: An Illustrated series of Historical Studies, to prepare readers for an appreciation of the Four Hundredth Anniversary and the great World's Fair at Chicago.

The Birthplaces of the Prophets: A series of descriptive sketches made by JUNIUS F. WELLS. During the present summer the author has visited Sharon, Windsor Co., Vermont; Whitingham, Vermont; Farmington, Connecticut; Potsdam and Trenton, New York, etc., etc., and will describe the scenes surrounding the birthplaces of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, Wilford Woodruff, George A Smith, Daniel H. Wells, and others of the prominent leaders of the Church. These papers will be handsomely illustrated.

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Missionary Life and Experiences will be treated by representative Elders in Scandinavia, England and the Southern States.

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Political Principles: We have arranged for some papers from well-known exponents of Political Doctrines, which will give readers a comprehensive understanding of the principles and

policies of the Republican and Democratic Parties, and be of great practical assistance to young men in forming political opinions and party connections.

In Fiction we shall present some original serials and short stories. Narratives, Sketches, Poetry, etc., will be as interesting features of the future numbers as of the past.

Association Intelligence: We propose in this department to give the experiences and methods of the most successfu Associations working under the new MANUAL, and publish valuable correspondence on the subject. This department will be open to Association workers, for questions and explanations.

$1000.00. MUSICAL CONTEST. $1000.00.

In June, 1892, there will be given a Musical Contest for $1000.00 in prizes, for both Instrumental and Vocal Music. THE CONTRIBUTOR will announce the particulars and conditions of this the Greatest of all Contests, from time to time, as necessity suggests. The Music for the Vocal Contest will be published in elegant style in the Magazine.

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